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ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

*Rays From
The
Rose Cross*



FEATURES

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After the War What?

Keeping Perpetual Eastertide

Aries-Taurus

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The Rosicrucian Fellowship

Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

The ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

ESTABLISHED BY MAX HEINDEL

June 1913

MRS. MAX HEINDEL, *Editor*

April

1943

VOLUME 35

NO. 4



Contents

THE CURRENT OUTLOOK—	The Children of Aries	172
After the War What? Joseph Darrow	Vocational Guidance Advice	173
THE MYSTIC LIGHT—	WORTH-WHILE NEWS—	
Keeping Perpetual Eastertide	Vegetarians to Demand Rights	175
Wesley D. Jamieson	Praise the Lord, or Else . . .	176
The Quaking Aspens (poem)	QUESTION DEPARTMENT—	
Irene C. Thomas	Clairvoyance in Children	177
The Message of the Yucca	In Evolution No Last Day	177
R. de S. Marshall	Attempt to Frustrate Destiny	178
"Arise Up Quickly" (poem)	NUTRITION AND HEALTH—	
Irene Stanley	Cause and Cure of Colds Max Heindel	179
The Stranger Myrtle Murphy	Healing Department Notes	182
Love Is an Old Rule Anne Goldberg	Patients' Letters—Healing Dates	183
Resurrection (poem) Paul T. Roper	Strange Alchemy (poem)	
A Rosicrucian Catechism—Desires after	Inga M. Billberg	183
Death Emily W. Lortcher	CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT—	
Western Wisdom Bible Study—The	Aunt Charlotte's Stepmother (Conclu-	
Two Resurrections Jane Templeton	sion) Clarissa A. Kneeland	184
THE ASTRAL RAY—	Song for the Inanimate (poem)	
Aries-Taurus (Two Parts—Part One)	Muriel Thurston	186
S. B. McIntyre	ECHOES FROM MT. ECCLESIA	187
Blessing in Disguise Frances B. Cole	ROSICRUCIAN NEWS BUREAU	188
Astrological Readings for Subscribers'	What Has the Rosicrucian Philosophy	
Children: Philip B. B.	Done for Me? Aurora Amerel Ray	191

Subscription in the United States, \$2.00 a year. All other countries \$2.25. *Special Rate:* 2 years in United States, \$3.50; other countries \$4.00. U. S. money or equivalent. Single copies 20c. Back numbers 25c. Entered at the Post Office at Oceanside, California, as Second Class matter under the act of August 24th, 1912. Accepted for mailing at special rate postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Congress of October 3rd, 1917, authorized on July 8th, 1918. Writers of published articles are alone responsible for statements made therein.

Issued on the 5th of each month. *Change of Address* must reach us by the 1st of month preceding any issue. Address ALL correspondence and make ALL remittances payable to the Rosicrucian Fellowship.

PRINTED BY

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

ITS MESSAGE AND MISSION

Formerly religious truths were intuitively perceived or taken wholly on faith as dogmas of the church. Today a growing class demands that immortality and kindred matters be proved to the intellect, deductively or by observation, as are other facts of life, for instance, heredity. They desire religion as much as their fathers, but want the ancient truths in modern dress, congruous to their altered intellectual condition. To this class the Rosicrucian Fellowship addresses itself with a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man which is as strictly scientific as it is reverently religious; a teaching which makes no statements not supported by reason and logic, which satisfies the mind by clear explanations, which neither begs nor evades questions, but offers a reasonable solution to all mysteries so that the heart may be allowed to sanction what the intellect believes, and the solace of religion may give peace to the troubled mind.

People of various denominations enter educational institutions such as Harvard or Yale, and study Mythology, Psychology, and Comparative Religion there without prejudice to their religious affiliations. Students may enroll with the Rosicrucian Fellowship on the very same basis. Our teachings, which aim to emancipate from authority of others by pointing the way to firsthand knowledge, are given by correspondence graded to suit the different classes of applicants. Upon request the General Secretary will send an application blank for enrollment to anyone who is not a *Hypnotist*, or a *Professional Medium*, *Palmist*, or *Astrologer*. Courses are available in the Rosicrucian Philosophy, Astrology, and Bible Study.

These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. However, the work is supported largely by voluntary offerings, and students are given opportunity to help as the heart dictates and the means permit. In the measure only that they fulfill this moral obligation can they really benefit from our efforts in their behalf.

The International Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship is located on a fifty acre tract called "Mt. Ecclesia," a natural park of incomparable beauty with a view of mountains, valleys, ocean, and isles ranging in extent from 40 to 80 miles. It is an important center of spiritual healing scientifically applied to aid thousands all over the world. The salubrious climate of *Southern California* affords material help in recovery for those who visit the quiet little city of *Oceanside* which holds Mt. Ecclesia in its environs. Accommodations are available for those who may wish to spend some time at Headquarters. Rates are given on application. Healing services are held daily in the Ecclesia (Temple of Healing) to help all who have applied for healing.

Correspondence Courses in Rosicrucian Christianity, Western Wisdom Bible Study, and Spiritual Astrology, given on the freewill offering basis, are offered to those sincerely interested. Address—

The Rosicrucian Fellowship Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

The Current Outlook

[FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT]

After the War What?

By JOSEPH DARROW



MORE than a hundred years ago one of God's great men closed his eyes and dreamed; and the things that were to be, marshaled themselves before his inner vision so vividly that impelled with that mysterious inner urge which from time to time animates mankind, he aroused himself and attempted to inscribe in words the things which his inner sight revealed, and the immortal poem which he called "The Federation of the World" was given to mankind by Tennyson.

"For I dipt into the future, far as
human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all
the wonders that would be

"Till the war-drums throbb'd no
longer, and the battle-flags were
furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Fed-
eration of the world."

Less than three-quarters of a century
later another inspired
man of destiny, Presi-

MEN OF VISION dent Woodrow Wil-
AND INSPIRATION son, almost brought
about the fulfillment

of that truly inspired poem when he worked and pleaded for a League of Nations. Nor was he the only one who foresaw that unless such a union was consummated, a still greater calamity threatened the entire world. Toward the end of the year 1917 that truly inspired modern seer, Max Heindel, wrote:

"It needs no argument to prove that the present war has been much more destructive than any of the previous conflicts recorded in history, because it has been fought by men of *brain* rather than by men of *brawn*. The ingenuity which in times of peace has been turned to such good account in constructive enterprises has now been enlisted in the service of destruction; and it is safe to say that if another war is fought fifty or a hundred years hence, it may perhaps all but de-

populate the earth;
therefore a lasting

WAR COULD therefore a lasting
PRACTICALLY DE- peace is an absolute
POPULATE WORLD necessity from the
standpoint of self-

preservation, and no thinking man or woman can afford to brush aside without investigation, any theory which is advanced as tending to make war impossible, even if he or she has been accustomed to regard it as a foolish fad."

A further step toward world-wide unity along lines of right living for all, positive protection for the world from future injustice, violence, and depression was incorporated in what is known as "The Atlantic Charter," the contents of which was discussed in a speech delivered by President Franklin Roosevelt in which four salient freedoms were enumerated and assured to the *world*: Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Religion, Freedom from Want, and Freedom from Fear.

The time has arrived when a large number of people belonging to all na-

tions are beginning to realize the fact that humanity is so insolubly bound into one great whole, that what injures even one of its people injures all of them, and that it is equally true that what benefits one of them benefits all. Therefore the time has come when some kind of decisive action must be taken in order to bring about the necessary result. Accord-

ingly, no matter how dark the picture at the present time, no matter

how deep the most of humanity may have become enmeshed in moral depravity, carnage, bloodshed, war, and a careless disregard for the things which are righteous and holy, there still are enough men and women in the world today who have developed the necessary vision to overcome all seemingly insurmountable obstacles and lead humanity out of the present confusion, madness, and apparent insanity into a better, saner way of life.

It is in accordance with the laws of our solar system that evolution perpetuates itself; and so despite all earthly hindrances the great First Cause which brought our earth and its inhabitants into being, is slowly but surely bringing closer and closer the day when right shall completely triumph over wrong, and a contrite, purified humanity shall emerge from what at times has appeared to be total self-destruction. And now it at last appears that enough people have learned the lesson that hate, envy, greed, and strife are not overcome by murder and carnage, so that many are fast becoming willing to try some other remedy.

It has always been true that when the people of the world were ready, great leaders have appeared in their midst who possess the vision and wisdom necessary to guide and direct them. And so it is at the present time. The "New Age," so constantly being mentioned by those who possess some slight degree of vision is, according to evolutionary progress now close at hand. And just what may

we expect that this New Age will bring to the world? First of all we may look for the establishment of a universal peace, built on such a firm foundation that it will endure. Television and mental telepathy will become as common as are the telephone and radio today. Travel will be universally in the air, and individual and family planes will be as common as automobiles are at present. Furthermore they will be propelled by a new substance the existence of which is not yet known to many. Supplies along all lines will be produced in such quantities that all will have an abundance of this world's goods, and furthermore they will be justly distributed, and the fact that there will be plenty for all will do away with a desire to hoard.

Penitentiaries and reformatories will be replaced with educational institutions whose LEADERS OF tional institutions whose NEW AGE instructors will be able to CONDITIONS discover the cause of criminal tendencies and capable of applying the correct remedy. Furthermore such unfortunates through the proper instruction will learn how to become useful, respected members of society.

The insane, the hopelessly crippled, the feeble-minded, et cetera, will be cared for in institutions where they will receive the proper attention, and training whenever possible, and the right kind of amusements will be furnished for them.

All institutions of learning will be free to all who wish to enter them, and each individual will receive as much education as he or she is capable of acquiring; and in this way ignorance and illiteracy will in a comparatively short time become unknown.

The mark of greatness will be, not what one does, but how well he does it; not what he says, but how he lives; not what he possesses, but how he uses his possessions; not what he professes, but what he exemplifies. Deceit and deception will be quite impossible for the

masses will be in possession of an extension of sight which will reveal the true facts within the region of vision. In the "New Age" the strong will no longer oppress the weak, but
 AN EXTENSION will seek to help those
 OF SIGHT less fortunate to find a way to help themselves.

Social equality will exist between men and women; motherhood will become exalted, and fatherhood will be honored. Home life will be restored, and family relationship will be held in high esteem; and much of the entertainment now sought for abroad will be found in the home, which entertainment will be of a higher, more intelligent class, while tawdry exhibitions will have practically disappeared, owing to the fact that the low type of mind which produces them will be apparent to all, and consequently its productions will not be at all popular.

All homes will be modernized and sanitation will prevail everywhere, which will do away with most of the pests which harass mankind.

Food and food preparation will be greatly changed, for domestic science in all its branches will become the common knowledge of all. Then people will truly eat to live, and not live to eat, a fact that will greatly prolong life.

Music and all forms of art will take on a new impetus, the beauty and purity of which will be almost beyond present comprehension; and inventions will be perfected that will astonish the world.

The existence of the ethers will be a well established fact, and man will rediscover how to use its vital energy which expresses itself so prodigally in the spring when all nature bursts forth in manifestation.

Truly the New Age in all its glory is very near at hand and this knowledge is in fact the silver lining behind the dark war clouds which at present so nearly encompass the world.

Relative to the future, the new Aqua-

rian Age, writing in October 1917, Max Heindel states:

"Aquarius has an intellectual influence which is original, inventive, mystic, scientific, altruistic and religious. Thus if we apply the Biblical standard, 'By their fruits we shall know them,' to this problem, we would expect to see that the Aquarian Age would be ushered in by original endeavors along all lines connected with Science, Religion, Mysticism, and Altruism, and we can now look back upon a period of about seventy years in which the Sun by precession has traveled one degree in the orb towards Aquarius. During that time we find that there has been very marked change in all lines of thought and endeavor from that which history records throughout the past two millenia. We also note the rapid rate at which all the movements of liberal thought in religious matters are superseding the old creed-bound traditions, and the increased number of those who have developed spiritual sight and are investigating the trend of evolution into the higher planes. . . .

"All these things show, or give an inkling of what may be expected to happen during the Aquarian Age. For when so great strides have been made during seventy years while the Sun is just beginning to transmit the influence from the outskirts of Aquarius, what then may be expected when it enters the sign itself. Both the possibilities and the probabilities are far beyond the range of the wildest imagination, and this applies both to the physical and the psychical side of life. It is the opinion of the writer that at least the etheric sight will then be developed in the greater majority of mankind, if not by all, so that the sting of death will be removed at least partly by the companionship that will exist after our friends and relatives have passed out of the body, for we shall then continue to see them for a while and have time to get used to the fact that they are going to higher realms."

The Mystic Light

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

The Rosicrucian Fellowship is a movement for the dissemination of a definite, logical, and sequential teaching concerning the origin, evolution, and future development of the world and man, showing both the spiritual and scientific aspects. The Rosicrucian Philosophy gives a reasonable solution to all mysteries of life. It is entirely Christian, but presents the Christian teachings from a new viewpoint, giving new explanations of the truth which creeds may have obscured.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY

Keeping Perpetual Eastertide

By WESLEY D. JAMIESON



ABOUT one person out of seven has to struggle at least occasionally against the impulse to commit suicide. Not only is there this despairing seventh of the population, but there is a fourth in whose lives there is more misery than joy. There is also the great majority of the population living lives that are dragged out and mediocre, humdrum and uninspired.

What keeps humanity from knowing the power of Christ Jesus' resurrection? Why do we not "arise and shine"? Why do we not put on our beautiful array and keep perpetual Eastertide?

We would like to live more joyous lives and we would like to make real contributions toward a brighter world. Some aspire to change some of the things that hurt humanity, that distort human life, that bruise children and youth, that provoke wars, that postpone realization of the ancient dreams of the seers and prophets of mankind. We would like to learn how to make better use of the materials that life offers to us. We would like to learn how to turn enmities into friendships. We would like to turn failures into successes. We would like to learn how to turn despair into courage, futile pattering and inefficient awkwardness into skill and creative achievement. In other words, we would like to learn to keep perpetual Eastertide.

As we look back over the last fifty years in America we find that most young men and young women have *not* been moving into the areas in which the inner world is perfected, into the areas of Spirit where true values are learned, where creative, constructive endeavor in human relations is taught. Our youth have been increasingly obsessed with success in the outer world. They have been going into engineering, business, military science, statistics, and into the other realms that have to do with the experience of the senses, to the exclusion of the higher spiritual values. They have been investing their lives in building bridges rather than ideas, in creating fortunes rather than character. They have been developing the techniques of total war rather than laying a foundation for world brotherhood.

It has been found that better than average fraternity men in great universities are more than twice as much interested in primarily sensate activities as they are in the ideational activities for which universities supposedly exist. Ethics, philosophy, sociology, and religion have been more and more neglected.

William Shakespeare in *All's Well That Ends Well* says, "Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky gives us free scope;

only, doth backward pull our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull." The Universe is never against us, he says in substance, unless we, through dullness and poverty of perception, stand arrayed against ourselves, denying our own power and possibility.

It is for the purpose of finding themselves, coming to themselves, standing *with* themselves instead of *against* themselves, that Rosierucian students and others indulge in definite periods of meditation. Though meditation may seem a time of passivity, it is not. Meditation is one of the most active periods even in a busy day, for meditation is an effort to find the within where dwells God, Spirit, Love, Wisdom, Power; where lies the healing of each and every human ill.

We hear a great deal of talk about freedom now, and it is the Brothers of the Rose Cross who aim to emancipate the souls that they contact; to educate, to strengthen, and to make them co-workers. Whoever looks to a teacher to do more than point the way, will meet disappointment. No matter what their claims, no matter whether they come in the flesh, or as spirits, teachers cannot do for us the good deeds requisite to soul growth. Teachers talk about the light, but the light itself must flash into the darkness before you can see the light. That Christ lives in us, Spirit itself must make real to us. There are many doubting Thomases in this modern age who need the inner revelation of "*my* Lord and *my* God" to their consciousness.

When days are evil, when materialism spreads its dark mantle over the earth, then is when we should redeem the time. Time is of the substance of eternity, the one being measurable duration, the other immeasurable, endless. Time is irrecoverable, a valuable reason why it should be improved. Most other things are recoverable if lost; riches may be regained by a course of persevering industry; impaired health may be restored, the faded cheek may bloom again, and the shattered nerves be strung anew; even the wounds of character may be healed, and,

by a steady perseverance in amendment, those who had lost their reputation may ultimately recover it, perhaps entirely; lost time is alone irrecoverable. The great inventor Edison knew the preciousness of time.

How can we improve our time? By improving ourselves, creatures of time, inhabitants of eternity. "Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom." (Psalm 90.) If we are full of fear and doubt, content to dream, knowing in this way that although we do not accomplish, neither are we rebuffed, we lose the good we oft might win, we miss much joy in life.

Do we stop to think that if harms can proceed from us, good likewise can proceed from us? It is as though man, having all power, choice, freedom, and an all-creative thought, stood stubbornly in the midst of perfection, refusing to see it, when suddenly he awakens to the fact that his own resistance proves nothing but his own freedom of choice; his misery proves the happiness he might know, his poverty the riches he might possess, his loneliness the love he might experience. By finding this wisdom and acquiring this understanding we are happy and powerful. We are enabled to keep perpetual Eastertide.

We who live and move and have our being in God, Spirit, need to learn how to open our spiritual eyes, to rise to a higher level of consciousness. To put on beautiful array does not mean to outshine your neighbor in expensive apparel. It means to get out of your wrong thinking, to think thoughts that are pure, true, honest, just, of good report. We should dwell on the good in ourselves and in others. We should come out of our dark cellars and closets into the healthful sunshine of God.

Truly our universe has in it spontaneous creativity. If we can learn to become partners with that creativity, then we can learn to live well and show forth resurrection power. Lay hold upon this spontaneous creativity, learn to use it, and to be used by it. Weave your life

into it, let it weave its creative power into you. Then we shall have found the means whereby we can make the most of the raw materials life has given us. We shall have learned how to turn our relationship with our fellow pilgrims into rich comradeship. We shall have learned how to burn the dross, leaving the gold. We shall have learned how to lay hold of the energies of our universe and how to direct them into worth-while channels. Only thus can we "come to live in thoughts and acts with energies which are immortal." (Emerson.)

In this evil day of troublesome world conditions, the poised thought of a man could shine forth even as Shakespeare's candle: "How far that little candle throws his beams. So shines a good deed in a naughty world." But we can only shine by arising, by going to our Father-God within ourselves. When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then God will fire our hearts with His presence, we shall be doing good deeds. Men seeing our steady, shining light will be encouraged to follow that light, oblivious to the confusion and darkness of fear and doubt 'round about them.

We have today the evidence of men and women whose lives are one long story of heroism and endurance, lives of unselfishness and devotion, who have achieved great things, who have devoted their energies and talents to the welfare of mankind. Men and women who have given their lives that others should find life less oppressive. We should be ashamed to class such efforts as mere automatic actions, not prompted by a noble nature within, but unavoidable action, inevitable, not of their own choice.

Human life is the school where wisdom is being taught. It is the workshop where the animal-human is being slowly fashioned into the Divine-human. There is in the moral and spiritual part of human life the need of signpost and calendar.

We erect signposts that we may take our bearing. We know that human life

is beset with times for payment and for receipt, with seasons for certain duties and for certain relaxations, with times for sleep and times for work. Astrology earnestly studied can supply life's way-farer with these signposts.

There is a message of the stars for each individual. There is always "the handwriting on the wall" of the heavens, for the "Daniel" or earnest student of God's deep thoughts and marvelous ways to interpret. There may be several ways of interpreting messages in the heavens—for nations, for climatic conditions, and for human beings individually. But that interpreter will be found most reliable and efficient who is seriously building character and developing his spiritual faculties, who is unselfish, chaste, and intelligent.

What can we see or acquire, but what we are? So Emerson asked, and the meaning of this question is that character is supreme. The secrets of futurity are with God, and if we want them we must be worthy of them. We must learn to draw near to God that He may draw near to us. This too is the secret of keeping perpetual Eastertide, of keeping our lives powerful, useful, happy and radiant. To speak a heavenly language we must understand it. We must be stepping upward, looking upward, thinking upward, and expecting release—upward.

The Galilean Master said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." He has been lifted up. He has overcome the world vibration, and enables us to be overcomers too.

We must somehow be led beyond the thought of dying to sin to the thought of living in righteousness; this, and this alone, will bring the raising up of the new man within us. Let us remember that the Master Jesus was far more interested in instilling faith and hope and courage in the minds and hearts of his hearers through deeper and better understanding of life than He was in reminding them of their sins. Sins are

shortcomings, imperfect views, distorted or wrong beliefs, more or less unworthy acts. They nail both God and man to a cruel cross. They acquaint us with sorrow and grief. But though weeping may endure for a night, joy—both for ourselves and our world—cometh in the morning. We who know our Risen Lord, not merely believe in Him, have passed out of the valley of the shadow of death into unclouded light and life forever.

Our union to the Son, in the Son to the Father, in the Son and in the Father to one another, and all this in the love which is at once the fundamental element of the Divine Being and the most essential constituent of human happiness, is inextricably linked with our being raised to a higher consciousness, in our learning to know God aright, to let perfect love melt away the stone of fear. Since God epitomizes all that is good, kindly and compassionate, it is evident that in Him we have nothing to fear. God does not punish us. We bring afflictions and fear into our lives when we break the laws of nature, for He has established all laws for our benefit.

We denuded our lands of the forests which God placed here for our protection and which, in turn, prevented floods by

conserving and storing water to be released slowly, gradually, and beneficially. By destroying them so ruthlessly, our once fertile lands became hard baked when rains were light, and when the rains were heavy, our soil eroded and washed away. There was no vegetation to bind the soil together with its roots, or to conserve the surplus water in the soil by their shade. Great gullies appeared in the countryside and when the rains came, raging torrents swept all before them. Slowly, but surely, our richest lands became barren deserts, unproductive because the richness provided by God had been washed away.

We can denude our consciousness of the rich wisdom and knowledge provided by God, we can substitute for the noble doctrines (trees) of God the cheap doctrines of men, doctrines that are tinged with selfishness, greed, fear, hate and covetousness. But how barren our lives then become. What ugly scars appear in our world-community and in our individual lives. To make the desert blossom as the rose, we must again have our trees of righteousness, our men and women of rich spiritual consciousness, seers and mystics, true teachers and prophets who keep perpetual Eastertide.

The Quaking Aspens

By IRENE C. THOMAS

*There is an ancient legend
A quaint and lovely thing
About the quaking Aspens
And the message that they bring.*

*It seems they grew profusely
Close where the Savior died
They shivered in sheer pity
When He was crucified.*

*And every breeze from heaven
That gently blows their way
Makes the lovely Aspens tremble
Even until this day.*

The Message of the Yucca

By R. DE S. MARSHALL



JAN sat deep in the forest where silence reigned, save for the occasional rustle of branches in a wandering breeze, or the light step of a deer, or the call of a bird. Beyond the ridge on which the young man sat, the valley fell steeply away, so that below him stretched a sea of pine tops, sending up their strong resinous scent in the hot sunshine and glistening as though each separate needle had been polished. Beyond the valley the mountains rose, blue triangle beyond blue triangle against a sky of turquoise and pearl.

The boy sat quietly, deep sorrow in his heart. But, being wise of soul he had taken his trouble to Nature rather than to man, and sought counsel of the inner Voice whose message would not be merely the opinion of someone no wiser than himself. Jan had received notice that his draft number had been called and on the morrow he would be leaving the majestic mountains to live in a camp and learn the science of killing men.

Jan was a boy who knew little of the world and its conflicting theories and beliefs. He was satisfied to dwell and work in the still places of the hills, farming, tending his flocks, assisting Mother Nature in her vast, beneficent processes of bringing forth nourishment for the creatures of her world. War and destruction were loathsome to the boy, for in his heart dwelt a great love for all that lived, and he knew his own kinship to Life, and Life's kinship to him. Like the Indian king in the book of ancient philosophy from which his mother had read to him on so many evenings of so many years, he "desired not triumph, nor kingdom nor pleasure" and did not "wish to kill, even though himself be slain." Yet, as he lifted his eyes to the slopes of the mountains, shaggy with un-

numbered miles of forest, or let them rest approvingly on the squares of fertile field, the green orchards heavy with fruit, the ordered pens, the red roofed house where dwelt his mother and his sisters, a great, surging love rose in him for this hot, sweet, fertile land that was his portion of the earth, and a great fury that men should dare to ruin it, to burn and slay and murder. Yet he had been taught to love all men as brothers and to revere all life as the visible manifestation of the Invisible One. His heart was wracked with the tumult within him, drawing him now one way, now another.

Gradually, as he sat, stillness enveloped him, quieting his questioning mind, soothing his tormented heart. Slowly the eternality of Nature calmed him. The eternal hills had lifted their star-crowned brows in the same flowing line long before the first Ptolemy had raided the desert tents of stranger tribes; the chant of wind in pines; the swift, sure flight of birds; the upward thrust of trees and grass and mountains toward the sun; the stir of endless life in leaf and root, in limb and wing, these things were endless, timeless, ceaseless. The delicate fluttering of a silken spider web, the precise fluting of a flower growing out of the hot dry dust, the minute shapes and bright colors his microscope had revealed to him in grains of sand and crumbs of granite, the pulse of Life itself in earth and sky and star, the measured pulse that is the beating of the heart of God in every atom, these things were beyond the destructive powers of mankind. Broken and trampled, they rose again in other, better forms, the indestructible beauty that is assurance of a Divine Presence everywhere.

Yet Jan himself was not a stone nor a plant, a sheep nor a bird, but a man, free-

willed, with a choice to make. The ease of blind obedience was no longer for one who had outgrown the leading strings of Nature. The choice bewildered and appalled him.

Presently he knew that soon the still small Voice would speak in his heart. So he stilled himself, body and mind, and listened.

Before him grew a yucca plant, young, vigorous, symmetrical, a great green rosette of leaves springing from around a central core. Blue-green, smooth, tough as leather, stiff as knives, each leaf was tipped with a barb—hard as shell and splashed with crimson as though in warning. His eyes were drawn to the plant repeatedly, until at last its meaning and message became clear to him.

He recalled how, in a book by a great naturalist, he had read that the cactus, to which family the yucca belongs, had originally been tender and succulent, but it had grown an armor of dreadful spikes and thorns lest the beasts and the birds devour it. So too the Yucca. Its form was given it by Nature, its lovely, rose-like form, each leaf unfolding from the white and tender core, until its years of growth accomplished, it would send out from that core its secret jewel, which it had hidden and nourished with the aid of sun and wind for many years, its bud, and stalk of blossom.

Slowly the stalk would rise, rose pink and silver and Nile green, with satiny sheen that would reflect the blue of sky and gold of sun, a gorgeous, five-foot sheath from which would open one by one its crown of waxy blossoms, snow white and honey-filled. Its perfume would float afar and attract the moths whose tiny, fragile limbs would dust the pollen on to the female flowers. Summer past, the winter winds would shake the shriveled pods and scatter far and near the small, black seeds. And so, where a single yucca had lifted its waxen candle, a hundred more would grow, dotting the rough hills and testifying to the skill of Nature and the wondrous power and

beauty of the ever living ONE whose Life exhales from all.

This is the pattern of the yucca's life, the purpose of its being. This is the shape it has worked slow century through slow century to perfect; the shape and textures that best enable it to follow out the nature given it by God who works in beauty toward perfection.

Not in a friendly world does the yucca grow, not in sheltered gardens, but out on the lonely hills where roam the beasts that would like to eat its succulent flesh, its nourishing roots. All unwitting, would they prevent its growth, and at the last, destroy its very being, make its like extinct. So the yucca has evolved its strength, its toughness, and its deadly weapon of shining little bayonets, barbed and cruelly sharp.

Even as the boy pondered this allegory of the yucca which unfolded in his mind, a stag came by, a young and inexperienced animal. He saw the yucca's tender green and, disdaining Nature's warning in his fierce young heart, he took a bite at the green plant. Snorting with pain he drew back, blood upon his jaws where the yucca's spines had pierced his flesh, and bounded angrily away. The yucca, undisturbed, grew on, replacing slowly broken and bruised leaves with others from her ample store. The yucca's life was but to grow, to accomplish its purpose and reproduce its like.

"So too with thee" the inner Voice spoke to the boy. "Thou art even as a leaf and thy country is like the plant. There is a pattern by which thy country lives, a pattern thy countrymen have evolved which best expresses their high aims and dreams. It is not perfect yet, but it is the best they can conceive as yet. It is good, it is in accord with freedom, truth, brotherhood. It is their noblest effort toward ideals which their Master taught. Thou too livest by it; thy freedom, thy love of thy companions and thy kin, and theirs for thee, all that is most dear to thee is part of this pat-

tern, the pattern of thy nation's desire, the American way of life.

"Others disagree with that pattern; they are envious, greedy, fearful. They attack that way of life and thought, that dream of ultimate brotherhood, ultimate justice and freedom for all. They would devour it, destroy it utterly, enslave thee and thy kin, destroy all that has been dreamed of right and truth and high endeavor through thy nation's years. So in defense ye must take weapons and defend that rightful pattern, defend what ye have gained since the dark time when slavery and tyranny went unchallenged. Not alone ye are, but all part of that one pattern, even as each leaf of the yucca is a part of the whole plant.

"Not by choice, if choice it had, would the yucca grow its deadly barbs and clothe itself in armor, but it must do so or cease to be. The enemy comes, hurls himself against the barbs, even as the stag strove to attack the plant, and was repulsed. The mighty stag, strong, intel-

ligent, a million million years advanced in evolution beyond the yucca plant, yet was he defeated.

"So not by choice do ye go forth to kill, but only to defend. Thou shalt hold the bayonet; if another hurl himself upon it at bidding of his ruler, it is not thy choice. Nor is it thy destiny to judge him, only to defend thy own, lest all thou dost value be destroyed. The problem of thy enemy, his thoughts, his reasons, his aims, none of this is thy problem. He too hath made his choice; thou must defend or perish; it is thy work. And after all is over thou shalt see life continue, the pattern grow a little nearer, ever a little nearer, to the Truth."

The Voice was still. The yucca stood in the hot sunshine, engaged in slowly growing towards its dream of perfection, its time of blossoming and seed. The boy rose, strong in his purpose, comforted, his mind clear, his heart stout. The message of the yucca had been understood.

"Arise Up Quickly"

» » » BY IRENE STANLEY

*"Arise up quickly" the angel said;
And Peter awoke on his prison bed,
For a great light shone around him.
And forth through the mystical radiance shed,
He followed fast where the angel led,
For his chains no longer bound him.*

*"Arise up quickly!" Were we today
To hear what the inner voice might say,
Could our bonds continue to fret us?
How willing to waken, how prompt to obey
Are we, to follow Truth's pure ray—
To cast off ills that beset us?*

*Arise up quickly, God's child, and go,
In the glorious liberty all shall know,
Through the doors of your self-made prison!*

*Come forth into Love's beatific glow,
At this burgeoning season of Easter!*

*Lo,
Let the Christ in you be risen!*

The Stranger

By MYRTLE MURPHY



HE Stranger glided into the police station. The Chief looked up from a paper he was reading, more because he sensed someone's approach than because he had heard anything. The Stranger was gliding toward him. The Chief adjusted his eyeglasses for a better view. "I'll be plagued! if it don't look like Jesus himself," he muttered. "But I s'pose it's just another of these nut free thinkers." He noted the long white robe that flowed about the Stranger and his open sandals; his bare head with the long, silky hair and beard curling gracefully about it. At least this fellow was *wearing* more than Wiley, Spokane's cave man, who had been in only a few days before on a charge. He wore only short trunks and sandals.

By this time the Stranger was standing in front of the Chief. His eyes were deep-set and magnetic. The Chief had never seen eyes like them. They seemed to envelop him—to look deep into his soul, to hold him—and they did hold him, spellbound, until finally the Stranger spoke. "Friend," he said, and his tones resounded like those of a grand cathedral organ, "who in your city is worthy?"

The Chief pushed his cap to one side and scratched his head in perplexity. "What was that again?" he asked.

The Stranger repeated with tender magnetism, "Who in your city is worthy?"

"Worthy? Worthy of what?" The Chief was puzzled.

"Worthy of a guest," said the Stranger, "who is worthy of him."

"Well," the Chief slowly adjusted his cap, "if that's what you want to know, why, I s'pose, Mrs. Lyle Van Derhuff. She sure does a lot of entertaining."

"Will you direct me?" The Stranger was looking through him again.

The Chief took out a note book and scratched 3840 E. Lincoln Place on it and handed it to the Stranger, giving him a few directions as to how to reach there. Immediately the Stranger was gone. The Chief came to himself with a start.

"Now, what the heck did I mean by handing that bird out her address? He's some kind of a pest. Oh, Lord! and he'll probably say I referred him to her! Crazy as a bedbug, that's what I am, but somehow it seemed OK at the time. If I don't lose my job for that, it's a wonder!"

The Stranger looked up at the mansion before ascending the steps leading to the door. "This looks to be the home of one who lives for material wealth—not for reality," he thought. However, he would see.

A butler announced him, saying, "A man without who says he is a messenger."

The Stranger glanced around the reception hall. Everything spoke of the luxury of the world. He was looking intently at a painting of a sad faced young man, with long, silky hair, with the inscription beneath, "If you love me, keep my commandments." The heavy portieres parted. The Stranger turned. He saw a rather medium stout lady, with bobbed blond hair curling around a well-preserved but weary looking face. She wore a gown of elaborate, love-bird green satin, sleeveless and cut low in the neck and showing her limbs to her knees. She seemed to hesitate while the Stranger took her in. Then a forced smile played around her lips and, "Did you wish to see me?" she asked. "I am Mrs. Lyle Van Derhuff." "My peace I give unto your house," the Stranger said simply.

"I was told that you, in this city, were worthy."

"Worthy of what?" asked Mrs. Van Derhuff in almost the same tone the Chief had asked the same question.

"Worthy to shelter a guest who is worthy of you," repeated the Stranger.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Van Derhuff, seemingly for lack of anything else to say. The Stranger had her mystified and she rather hated to be abrupt with him as he had a charm and a something about him that attracted her very strongly. If he had not been dressed in that ridiculous fashion and didn't speak so queer, she would have liked to become better acquainted. She liked to cultivate people who interested her—but *what* a strange request! "Well," she said in her most tactful manner, "I am sorry but I have a houseful of guests now, and besides, you know," she hesitated, "I don't know you."

"Your last words bear conviction, madam. My peace I return to me," and with a graceful exit, the Stranger was gone.

Down one street and up another he glided. In a short time he was far in the other side of the city. The sky was dark overhead and streets in the residence district through which he went, were deserted. Lights gleamed from windows and hallways, speaking of comfort and home life within. The Stranger seemed to be speaking to himself. "The foxes have their holes and the birds their nests, but the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay His head." He seemed weary. Suddenly he straightened and new life seemed to flow through him. He stopped in front of a modest dwelling where a light shone dimly from the hall. He faced the house and holding his hands stretched out before him, stood as though listening to something far away. "Ah," the Stranger breathed, "there is one within who knows Me." He drew near to the door. A sign read, "Walk In." Softly, the door closed behind him as he entered.

Inside the dimly lighted room, a young girl sat at her little desk. The dark head drooped and she seemed to be examining the small twisted hands, but her thoughts were far from them. Long ago Mary had given up grieving over their hopeless condition. That was since she had met the Doctor. The Doctor who had been doctor to body, mind, and soul. The one who through his wonderful gentleness and patient teaching had brought her from the depths of infidelity and bitterness to happiness and the peace that passeth all understanding. He was out now, on one of his missions of mercy—one of the many that brought him no material return. He had many such cases, for being one sent to comfort the poor and lonely, they knew he would not deny them.

It was of him Mary was thinking—her adopted father, her teacher, Doctor. He had not been so well of late and she had noted with a quick catch at her heart that he looked pale and worn; there was a weary droop to his shoulders and his step was not so sprightly. Mary had asked him today whether he felt well but he had answered cheerily, looking away. "Why, sure, my dear. Fine! Just fine!" But a vague fear had seemed to hold her in its grip. She had tried to shake it off, telling herself that this was not their belief. "Fear has no part in our lives." But Doctor was past his three-score and ten. He might be leaving soon.

Tonight Mary wished he would return soon. "Oh, Lord," she spoke aloud in the silent room, "do not give me this thing to fear—anything but this! Do not take him, he is all I have." Then her thoughts changed. "Maybe," she murmured softly, "this is just another part of the carrying of my cross. If it is to be, I must bear it bravely. He would want me to. Whatever comes, I must do as he has told me—I must meet it smilingly—feel no regrets." Yes; so she must do.

She turned to the table and picked up her small Bible, now her most prized

possession. "It has His words." She opened it and words stood out before her: *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.* She raised her eyes. "He is with me—I must not love Doctor more than Him."

The door was slowly opening. Her heart gave a leap—Doctor was returning! He *was* all right, even as he had said. She was just unstrung tonight. *But no!* She had not heard him close the door and she always did. She could tell by that when he came. No one closed the door the same—so firmly. The door was opening wider, slowly. "Someone teasing, perhaps." A flash of snowy white! The brown eyes widened, blinked, then slowly great tears filled them, rolled down the cheeks. Then through her tears, "Master!" fell from her lips. For before her stood one in flowing white with silky brown hair and beard crowning the kindest face with eyes that were large and brown and tender, and somehow reminded her of Doctor. This was a Stranger! Mary felt confused and dropped her eyes. What had she said? She started to speak. "Thou hast said. Be it so." The Stranger's voice was musical. "I seek shelter. Hast thou a bed for Me?" "Master," Mary spoke feelingly, "in our whole city—in our whole land of riches there is not one bed worthy for your head to lie on, but if you are weary, my bed is the best in the house and it is yours." The heavy lashes fell over shining tears.

"And where will thy bed be, child?"

Mary indicated a lounge in the corner. "That will be my bed," she said.

"Far greater in thy city art thou than is she who lives in yonder mansion, although they know you not," said the Stranger. "Keep thy bed, child."

"No! no!" cried Mary. "To give you my bed is so little, my Master—the greatest joy of my life. Would that I had given my heart as freely years ago."

"Thou hast said," said the Stranger.

"Master, forgive me. I have not asked

you to sit down, and maybe you hunger for food. Our cupboard holds very little but I can give you milk and bread and butter." Mary was so embarrassed that she had so little to offer.

The Stranger sensed her thought. "Child, thy bread and milk is more worthy than a King's banquet, but have no thought for the food which feedeth the body alone. Thou hast given me far greater food from thy soul." Then—

"Why hast thou not asked me to heal thee?" the Stranger continued tenderly as He seated Himself near.

Mary hesitated, her lips quivering. "If I had had faith, my Lord, You would have healed me long ago. Now that You are near I have faith greater than I ever dreamed of. *I know you can do all things*, but not for myself do I ask now but for another—my foster-father who has been ill lately. He is out now treating a man who is ill. He helps the sick but neglects his own body. Say but the word and he will be healed."

"Your faith, my child, has healed your father," said the Stranger. "Now, my child, rise from the chair and come to me."

Mary hastened to obey. Her heart swelled with joy. Somewhere in another part of town Doctor would feel new-life born in him and come home well and happy again. She started to help herself by holding on to the desk but remembered that Doctor had chided her for it, saying, "Rely more on your legs as they gradually grow stronger day by day," and she had been gaining more strength in the thin, weak limbs. Mary halted before the Stranger, her eyes shining with tears of joy and the delicate chin quivering.

"Master, how can I ever thank you for healing my Doctor?" she asked.

The Stranger rose. "Thank Me by thy faith, child, by believing that I am ever with thee though thou seest Me not—even unto the end of the world—this world and all worlds. Now, I must

be on my way and my peace I leave with thee."

He laid his hand tenderly on her head for a moment, then—as silently as He had come, He was gone.

Mary made her way back to her chair. She was unconscious of how she got there, so great was her joy that the Doctor was healed and would be with her now for a long time maybe. How could she tell him this wondrous thing that had happened? She sat down. Suddenly she heard the door open and shut. There stood the Doctor. "Are you all right?" he asked anxiously. "I had you on my mind so much today and I prayed that you were all right."

He went toward her. He bent closer—then suddenly grabbed her to him. "Mary, Mary darling! your hands—your legs—they are straight—normal—you have been healed! My long, long prayer has been answered. He IS the same yesterday, today and forever—world without end!"

Mary wakened next morning with the thrill of having had a beautiful dream. She felt like singing. She did sing a little—and then as she pushed back the covers, she looked at her hands—then looked again! The ravages of arthritis were gone. Then, sitting up hurriedly in bed she began calling excitedly:

"Doctor—Doctor! it's true—true! I am healed! I am!"

The doctor hurried in and stood a moment with brimming eyes looking at Mary—looking and looking—and then, after kneeling by the bed a moment with bowed head, he said, "Yes, dear, you are healed. It IS true and what a blessed truth. You must tell me again the story, won't you?"

So as Mary and the doctor ate breakfast, she related again to him the advent of the Stranger.

"He was so real and—there are not words to say *how* wonderful. He made me feel that I could believe in Him al-

ways and it stays with me. Oh! I love Him so. I know He is always with me—with all of us when we love Him and keep His words. I could have been healed before, I know, if I had only loved Him more and believed completely in Him."

"You are certain He Himself was here and that it was not just a beautiful vision?" the doctor asked kindly.

"Oh, yes! Yes! He *was* here! Right here! At first He wanted a bed. I think He was testing me out. But I meant it when I told Him He could have my bed."

The doctor opened the morning paper and glanced over it. Suddenly he stiffened.

"Mary, dear," he said with a strange quiver in his voice. "Listen! It says here that a mysterious stranger visited the police station and asked about someone being worthy. Police think the man was some new cult leader. 'He was dressed in the manner of the Christ with long flowing hair and beard and with eyes that looked clear through one, according to those who saw him. The Chief of police who has been planning an operation for cataracts on his eyes was apparently healed, his sight becoming clear as he gazed at the Stranger, and after an examination later his eyes showed no trace of the former trouble. Police are also puzzled by a call from a prominent citizen who is offering a large reward for information as to where to find the stranger. She asks anyone having such information to write or call at 3840 E. Lincoln Place immediately.'"

The doctor ceased reading and sat looking intently at Mary.

"Yes, Doctor, I will go to her," she said, reading his thought.

Later as Mary ascended the steps to the mansion, she stopped to breathe deeply. She had walked the long blocks as on air, never noticing how far it was. It was *such* a pleasure to walk. "If people only knew," she thought, "what a pleasure it really is, they would be more

grateful to be able to walk. I am glad I *have* been crippled because now life is more glorious."

The heavy door swung open to her ring and after stating her business, she was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Lyle Van Derhuff who lay prone on the most luxurious bed that Mary could dream of even a Queen having.

"I am Mary—," she began as Mrs. Van Derhuff raised herself on one plump hand and motioned her to a chair.

"You have news of the Stranger?" Mrs. Van Derhuff's resonant, super-cultured voice was anxious.

"Yes. Oh, yes!" Mary rose from her chair and went to the bedside. "Yes, I saw Him yesterday. He—He healed me. You see, I was—crippled! But He—*was no stranger*. I have always known Him and so have you!"

"Do you know where He is now?" Mrs. Van Derhuff asked anxiously as though not having heard. "He was here yesterday when I was entertaining. I should have known but I was afraid he might be one of those strange persons who go about asking people to yield to his ideas and I didn't want my guests embarrassed. Such persons never know when to go and they stand and act so queerly."

She rattled on nervously while Mary observed her plump, blond face with its petulant lines.

"And then," she continued, "as soon as he was gone, I was strangely affected by the feeling that I had lost someone I must find—that I needed. I remembered the radiance that shone about him and the depth of his eyes that was like the heavens at night—no—not that—not like anything I could name. They were kind and stern at the same time. If I hadn't had those guests, I should have asked him in." She paused. "Do you know where He is? Tell me. I must see Him. He *was* the Christ, wasn't he?"

There was a pitiful, whimpering note in her voice.

"Yes," Mary said, answering her last

question first, "He was the Christ and He is still here. He always has been. He just made Himself visible to our physical sight for a little while yesterday. But He is *always* right here."

"All my life I've hoped to see Him," Mrs. Van Derhuff went on as if to herself. "That's why I've spent so much money on classes to prepare myself—to raise my consciousness to His plane—and now, my opportunity is lost—" her voice trailed off miserably.

"My dear lady, please! Don't you remember in your Bible He said *Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?*"

"My Bible—my Bible?" Mrs. Van Derhuff rang a bell. "Jane," she said to the maid who appeared, "bring my Bible." Then to Mary, "It's been such a long time since I've read it."

She had the maid hand the Bible to Mary when she came with it.

"Read me that passage," she said.

Mary read it several times as Mrs. Van Derhuff gazed at the ceiling. Then she said, "Yes, He *is* with me—with all of us when we are with Him. From now on I am with Him. No more wasting time or money on parties. I am going to serve Him and follow His teaching. That's why He came here. He was calling me to His service and there I was giving a party—entertaining a lot of selfish people who care for nothing but themselves."

Mrs. Van Derhuff seemed to be talking to herself. "I know who your foster-father is. He is Doctor James. My own brother. He has always wanted to help others. I wanted him to travel in society and when he wouldn't, I shunned him. When he adopted you—a crippled nobody, I was thoroughly disgusted. I see it all now. The ways of the Almighty are great and wonderful. Doctor shall *have* the sanitarium for crippled children and I shall help him take care of them, and the Stranger will help us heal them."

Love Is an Old Rule

By ANNE GOLDBERG



PHILOSOPHY as profound as esoteric Christianity is bound to start in those who study it and make an effort to understand it a great chain of ideas and thoughts. Some of these ideas and thoughts and certain incidents helped me realize a great truth and perhaps this may help others who are struggling, as I am, to find the light.

A friend of mine who was almost distracted over a wayward daughter called upon me to help her. In the light of what I understood I tried to make the mother see that the picture was not so black as she was painting it. And I also tried to make her see her fault in the present state of things. I heard myself saying to her on parting, "Love is the greatest impelling and inspiring force we have at our command to use." I meant an impersonal and unselfish love. The thing I had said stuck in my mind. I asked myself whether I believed it, and I also asked myself whether I was living it, for I realized that it was not enough just to know a truth like that.

My own parents have been a sore point with me, especially my mother. They do not understand the things I believe, and would be sorely distressed were they to know the extent to which I have accepted esoteric Christianity. I have been like a stranger in their midst, for in many ways they strike the wrong chord in me and I in them. I have been asking myself for many months just what it was that I had to learn and was not learning, otherwise the inharmony would disappear instead of persisting. The answer always was, "You must learn to love them." Then one day I very angrily answered myself that I could not love anybody whom I had ceased to respect, parents or no parents.

I have angered my mother times with-

out number because I insisted upon telling her the truth about herself. I felt that she must learn certain fundamental facts in order to make progress. For instance, if I tried to explain why her morbid mental attitude was causing her trouble, it resulted in endless meaningless arguments. I wanted to help but only succeeded in antagonizing her and losing my respect for her.

To me my parents are human beings like other human beings and I did not see why I should hesitate to tell them what I thought was the truth any more than I would anyone else. Of course, in time what happened was this: the truth I would try to tell would be tinged with a little irony or sarcasm, and I would find myself hurting just to hurt. What is one to do, I began asking myself, when a person is not capable of seeing and hearing the truth about himself?

One day I read a very startling thing. In a book supposed to be the akashic records of the life of Jesus (*The Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ*, by Levi), I read where Jesus explains to his disciples that the statement in the Bible, "A tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye," explains the law—the law of consequences of our own actions whether past or present.

It was as though a door had opened. Now I began to understand what our teachers meant when they spoke of the wheel of life and death, and how most of us are almost inextricably enmeshed in this wheel through the law. I had read and heard that we could rise above the law through love but now a little of the real meaning began to seep into my mind.

Love your neighbor as yourself. Everything and everyone is our neighbor. There are times when we must tell the

truth, yes; but gently and kindly, and if others do not know how to accept the truth about themselves, feel compassion for them. With kindness try to help them see their faults if it is possible. If it is not, do not become disgusted with them or lose your respect for them. They need your help more than you can realize.

People are so enmeshed in the law that when you give them sarcasm they respond with sarcasm. Only love calls forth love. Irony may ruffle the surface of thought, but in the end it turns out to be a detriment to the ones at whom it is directed, and certainly a retrogression for the one who uses it. So with sarcasm or cynicism. Those of us who wish to help our neighbors can do it by living what we believe. Then our words will carry an impelling and inspiring power which others are bound to feel and be helped by. He who is so big that irony really

makes him think does not need it, for everything has a lesson in it for him.

One can free oneself and help his neighbor to free himself from the fetters of the law with love—the kind that sees the God in everyone regardless of creed or nationality, regardless of good or evil, and regardless of whether those at whom this love is directed deserve it or not. To do otherwise is to limit yourself to the very law from which you wish to extricate yourself.

Those were the thoughts that kept racing through my mind. I find that it is not so easy to put all of this into practice. It takes effort but even the little effort which I have put forth is already bearing wonderful fruit.

I feel sure a great many of us are really anxious to help humanity but we forget that charity begins at home. And I am learning that.

Resurrection

By PAUL T. ROPER

That they have my densest body burned
And its remains superbly urned;
Or them on flowery meadows scattered
Has long since little mattered!
How could they know who poked the fire
Freeing deathless Music from the fleshly lyre,
Know in the rising, hot purple smoke,
The mortal coil of silver broke
To set me finally free,
A chord found in the Crystal Sea!—
Know in Love's warmth I ascendant
Had gained the Realm transcendent!

If a few would grieve for me who sinned,
Let them be comforted! Hear the Wind!
Four strive and blow the earthly leaven,
But One streams through the Trees of Heaven.
Rejoice! We here walk this Wind of Spirit!
Lift up your hearts! All hear It!
The Holy Breath is blinding bright white
From the radium throne of God
And none are blind—all have sight!
Rejoice, sojourners of the vale of Nod!

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

Effect of Desires After Death

By EMILY W. LORTCHER

Q. It being true that man cannot leave the Desire World after death until he has purged himself from binding desires, what are some of these binding desires?

A. The miser, for instance, who loved his gold in earth life loves it just as dearly after death; but in the first place he cannot acquire any more because he no longer has a dense body with which to grasp it nor can he even keep what he hoarded during life. He might sit by his safe and watch the cherished gold or bonds, vainly throw himself over it to protect it when the heirs take it and then proceed to spend his hoard, while he suffers in sorrow and impotent rage.

Q. Does loss of the physical body lessen such suffering?

A. No, his sufferings are all the more terrible on account of being entirely mental because the dense body dulls even suffering to some extent. In the Desire World these sufferings have full sway and the man suffers until he learns that gold may be a curse. Thus he gradually becomes contented with his lot and at last is freed from his desire body and is ready to go on.

Q. In the case of the drunkard, does not the craving for that physical stimulant die with the dense body?

A. No, it is not the dense body that craves drink. It is made sick by alcohol and vainly protests in different ways, but the desire body of the drunkard craves the drink and forces the dense body to take it, that the desire body may have the sensation resulting from the increased vibration. That desire remains after the death of the dense body but the drunkard has in his desire body neither mouth to drink nor stomach to contain physical liquor. He may and does get into saloons

where he interpolates his body into the bodies of the drinkers to get a little of their vibrations by induction, but that is too weak to give him much satisfaction. He may get inside a whiskey cask but that is of no avail for there are in it no such fumes as are generated in the digestive organs of a tippler. It has no satisfying effect upon him and only augments his cravings; consequently he suffers intensely.

Q. What finally terminates the craving and so purges the man?

A. In time the man learns the uselessness of longing for drink which he cannot obtain. As with so many of our desires in the Earth life, all desires in the Desire World die for want of opportunity to gratify them. When the drunkard has been purged he is ready, so far as this habit is concerned, to leave this state of "purgatory" and ascend into the heaven world.

Q. Does the nature of our desire regulate our stay in purgatory?

A. No, according to the intensity of our desires will be the time and suffering entailed in their expurgation. In the cases mentioned it would have been no suffering to the drunkard to lose his worldly possessions. If he had any, he did not cling to them. Neither would it have caused the miser any pain to have been deprived of intoxicants. He no doubt would not have cared if there were not a drop of liquor in the world. But he did care about his gold, and the drunkard cared about his drink and so the unerring law gave to each that which was needed to purge him of his unhallowed desires and evil habits. Thus we see that it is not an avenging Deity that makes purgatory or hell for us, but our own individual evil habits and acts.

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 104-106)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY



The Two Resurrections

By JANE TEMPLETON



Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live.

For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself.

And hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of Man.

Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice.

And shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.

I can of mine own self do nothing: as I hear, I judge: and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.

If I bear witness of myself, my witness is not true.

There is another that beareth witness of me; and I know that the witness which he witnesseth of me is true. (John 5:25-32.)

A soul-satisfying promise of a future order in which man will live nobly and beautifully, befitting the divine heritage which is his, may be found in this discourse by Christ Jesus concerning the mystery of the relation of the Son to the Father—the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Truly, the time is coming, and in the hearts of many people already exists, when those who have previously been “dead” in materialism will hear the voice of the God within them and begin to live according to spiritual law.

Every human being, as a differentiated spark in the Great Flame which is God, has within him the potentiality of becoming a god, exemplifying the powers which are the attributes of our Divine Creator. The second Aspect of this Triune Being, God, is the Love-Wisdom, or Christ Aspect, and as found above, so also below.

Every human being has within himself a spark of the Christ Aspect of the Father, and may unfold this Power in proportion to the effort he puts forth to exemplify the Christ qualities in his daily life.

The promise of resurrection in its fullness embodies the blessings that come from the workings of divine law, the assurance that eternal justice enables us to reap that which we sow. Whether it be at the end of a smaller or a larger cycle of the evolutionary journey, it is a cosmic truth that those who have done “good,” or lived in conformity with God’s immutable laws, go forth “into the resurrection of life,” or into the new conditions of a step upward on the spiral journey toward God. By the same truth those who have “done evil,” or refused to live in harmony with spiritual principles, go forth into the “damnation” of delay in their evolutionary pilgrimage.

The will of the Father must eventually be accomplished in every cycle of evolution, and this Power is the great motivating Force of the universe. Through the Divine Intercession, the coming of a Ray of the Cosmic Christ to the earth as its Indwelling Planetary Spirit, marking the beginning of a period when the path of initiation became open to all, the Will of the Father comes ever closer to fulfillment.

In the annual recurrence of the seasons we see a tangible evidence of the Divine Will being accomplished, and at the Holy Easter Season we celebrate the Event which signifies to humanity the promise of Eternal Life. The glory of the ever-forward march of Immortal Spirit shines about us—Spirit Triumphant.

The Astral Ray

Astrology is a phase of Mystic Religion, as sublime as the stars with which it deals, and not to be confused with fortunetelling. The educational value of astrology lies in its capacity to reveal the hidden causes at work in our lives. It counsels the adults in regard to vocation, the parents in the guidance of children, the teachers in management of pupils, the judges in executing sentence, the physicians in diagnosing disease, and in similar manner lends aid to each and all in whatever station or enterprise they may find themselves. The laws of Rebirth and Consequence work in harmony with the stars, so that a child is born *at the time when the positions of the bodies in the solar system will give the conditions necessary for its experience and advancement in the school of life.*

Aries--Taurus

By S. B. MCINTYRE



It is hard to believe that any one as heavy as my husband Wim—he weighs one-hundred and sixty-five, and his name is William, but I've always called him Wim—can move about a room as silently as he can.

Our home was in darkness—always a signal to him that something is wrong—and he had entered the house and stood beside the living-room couch on which our little one and I lay, before I even suspected his presence. Then a whiff of the fresh air on his clothes, that I've always loved, gladdened my heart, and I knew I had nothing more to worry about.

"I'm awake, Wim," I moaned. "But my head aches so I just can't bear a ray of light on my eyes."

I felt a hand laid tenderly on my cloth-covered forehead. "Hot as fire, Loolie! I'll get you a cold cloth," he said solicitously. I felt a soft kiss on my parched lips.

At the sound of his voice I felt our little three-year-old beside me untangle her red head from the blankets, and heard her murmur sleepily, "Daddy come? Joanie hung'y!"

"Mama first, sweetheart! Then your Daddy'll fix you up!" I heard Wim give Joanie a sympathetic pat before he hurried away.

Soon I sighed thankfully as near me I heard ice tinkling in a basin, and water

dripping from a squeezed cloth. Then a wave of my unruly, domineering nature flared over me, as I recognized the smoothness of the cloth that was replacing the hot one on my brow, and I was about to order, *Wim! Not one of my best linen napkins! Get a cotton one!* But, thank goodness, there is evidence that I must be overcoming this one of my ugly traits, for instead I forced myself to say appreciatively, "Wim, dear, you're so comforting to me. I deserve a good beating for causing you all this trouble after your hard day's work!"

"No trouble, Loolie. I love to do it for you." He gently tucked the napkin down over my aching eyeballs. "But I wish you'd keep out of the garden till I'm home Saturday afternoons, and save yourself all this suffering. The sun out there today was too hot for you!"

"How'd you know I worked in the garden?"

"I didn't leave the trowel in the kitchen sink last time I had it," I heard Wim chuckle, as he reached over me to pat Joanie. "Just a little minute, more, Baby. Daddy has to make a fire. This room is too cold for Mama!"

There was the sound of a tipped grate in the fireplace across the room, the rattle of paper, the clack of wood, the thump of coal. Then I felt Joanie drawn from beside me, and the blanket tucked softly

about my neck, as Wim said, "Had any dinner?"

I shuddered. "Oh, Wim, I couldn't eat a mouthful!"

"Mama'll sing a different song as soon as that ice water does its work, won't she, little one? Come on, we'll make some tea for her."

I listened to the sound of Wim's footsteps, and to the baby chatter of Joanie until the soft click of the catch on a door came to my ears—another evidence of the thoughtfulness of my husband. Then the crackle of the grate-fire in the otherwise now silent room, and the cold of the ice bandage over my fevered eyes and brow had such a soothing effect upon me, that soon I slept.

The odor of steaming tea awakened me. As I drew my arm from under the blanket, I heard Wim's solicitous voice coax, "I think it will do you a world of good, Loolie, if you'll try to drink this tea. You probably haven't eaten anything for hours, and—"

"I really believe I *am* hungry, Wim," I interrupted him. "If you'll just get me a cracker—"

"Good, Loolie," Wim broke in eagerly. "I've got good hot toast and a scrambled egg and a mite of jam all ready for you! No! Don't you move! Here! Let me fix you up!"

I felt the napkin on my forehead replaced by a freshly iced one. Then I was drawn to a half-reclining position against Wim's shoulder, and he began to feed me as if I were a child.

"You are so good to me, Wim!" I found his hand and held it against my lips. "Has Joanie finished her supper?"

"All finished, scrubbed, put to bed, and sound asleep. She insisted on giving you 'jus' one little mite o' kiss,' but I persuaded her to wait till morning, and give you six big kisses when you wake up."

Wim gently laid me back on my pillows. Comforted and refreshed, I half-consciously listened for a while to his footsteps, and to the familiar sounds from the kitchen. The choking gurgle of

water in the hot-water faucet and its splash into a pan, the clug of dishes on the old-fashioned wooden drain board, and finally the swish of a broom over linoleum, conveyed to me the gratifying information that I would face as tidy a kitchen in the morning, as if I had done the evening work myself.

"Oh, Wim, do you mind reading that to me?" I coaxed, when I heard the creak of a chair and the rustle of a newspaper near me.

"Sure it won't make your head ache worse to listen?"

"Oh, no! My head's wonderfully better. That nap. And then that hot tea!"

For some time the comforting sound of Wim's voice filled the room, as he read to me the news of the day. Then I heard him groan in a funny way he has when he wants to imply resignation, before he began on the woman's page. Finally a swishing sound of the paper notified me that Wim was smoothing it out and folding it up to lay aside.

"Oh, don't put it down yet, Wim! Please!" I exclaimed. "You haven't read 'What the Stars Predict.' I just know I won't sleep a wink all night if I don't hear that."

"Loolie, it's time you grew up." Wim chuckled, while the paper rustled gratifyingly.

"Got some sense, you mean, but you're too sweet to say so, darling!"

"Just listen to this, Loolie!" Wim gasped. I peeped from under the cloth over my eyes, and saw Wim's brown eyes staring at the paper in mock horror. "'According to mutual aspects of the planets, tomorrow will be a most inauspicious day for younger people. Misunderstandings, petty jealousies, quarrels will dominate the day. And as the Sun and Moon are conjunct in the fixed sign Taurus, occurrences of this day will have far-reaching results.'"

"Now, Loolie, after that will you dare come down town for lunch with me? You know your failing. You might get ter-

ribly jealous of that new bed we're getting for Toddlekins!"

"Wim, is that all it said? Every word?" I asked, as sounds of the folding of the paper again fell on my ear.

"No. There's a long string of balderdash about Tauruses."

"Oh, Wim, that's you. Oh, please, Wim! I do so want to hear that."

Wim's funny groan was so long-drawn-out this time that it made me giggle, but there was a gratifying rattle of the paper.

"The more intelligent people born under this sign—those in the mountain-top class—are among the most capable people on earth—"

"That's true of you, Wim," I interrupted. "You can't claim that's balderdash."

"They are patient, peace and harmony lovers, occasional brooders, and their marriage partners often have doubts of the sincerity of their affections, because of their seeming coldness. For though they have an intense love nature, they are the most undemonstrative of people."

"That's you to a T, Wim. You're surely one of the mountain-top Tauruses. No balderdash about that. You've always been more patient with my temper and jealousy than I deserve. I know that! You're always doing little things for me that prove your love for me. But often I'd give the world if you'd spasmodically hug me, and tell me in so many words how *much* you love me—the way I do you."

"I love you with my heart, Loolie, not just with my body."

Wim hesitated. I peeped at him, and saw that his forehead was puckered into perpendicular folds with his strenuous efforts at trying to express himself in a way that would satisfy me. When he spoke again he was almost stuttering, "And sometimes my heart's like to burn me up with my love for you, but I can't put my feelings into words!"

"Oh, Wim, it must be awful to have a trait like that." His words and expres-

sion had proved so enlightening to me, that I now understood him better than I ever had before. "Do you mind reading on?"

"They have one trait peculiar to them alone. One which often proves a life-saver to them. When through sorrow caused them by those whom they intensely love, they have reached the extreme point of suffering of which they are capable, all their intense affection for those particular persons dies, and they are freed from further suffering on their account. Theirs is an earth sign. They should never seek mates among the fire signs, especially those born under the excessively demonstrative sign Aries."

"And I'm a green-eyed, red-headed Aries! Oh, Wim, is that life-saver part true?"

"Yes, it is, Loolie." I tore the bandage from my eyes and saw that Wim was speaking in his thoughtful, truthful, impersonal way that left no room for doubt in my mind. "I've always made gods of those I have loved. And no one can imagine what I have suffered when anything came up to make me lose confidence in them. But when I got to the point where I couldn't suffer any worse, all feeling of any kind left me for a time. After that I could be loyal and good to those I had loved—do anything for them, in fact. But to save me I could never get back my old affection for them, nor experience a single thrill of my old intense emotion at thought of them, or at contact with them."

"Will you clip that piece out for me, Wim, please, and leave it on the table? I want to read that over when I'm by myself in the morning."

"How about lunch down town tomorrow, Loolie? Think you can make it?"

"Surely. A good night's sleep always ends one of these headaches. I'll be with you all right."

"On time, if you possibly can. I'm working up plans for reconstruction of the Mayor's house, and the Boss wants

them by four o'clock. He's promised me a raise if those plans are accepted, and that'll mean a home of our own, at last—and a car, too. But there's a lot to be done on them yet, and I must be back in the office by one sharp."

"I'll be there on time, dear!"

The following morning proved to be one of the most exasperating I had ever experienced. Wim had no sooner left the house than a water pipe under the sink sprang a leak, and the kitchen floor was flooded before I could run to the basement and shut the water off. I had barely cleaned up the mess that a plumber had made, when a babbling neighbor came, and in spite of my telling her of my anxiety to keep my appointment with Wim, she talked and talked until a telephoned message called her home. I had just dressed Joanie to leave with my mother across the city, when an order of coal was delivered.

So the morning went, and it was twelve-forty-five when I finally entered the Blue Moon, one of San Francisco's popular downtown cafés.

I rushed to the alcove that Wim usually reserved for us. I hoped that he would still be there, so that I could explain to him the cause of my tardiness.

He was there all right. And opposite him in my accustomed place sat a slim, beautifully gowned woman, her face so hidden by a drooping gray hat that I could not see her features.

But something I *could* see drove me into such a fury of jealous rage that I could not speak. The woman's soft white hands were fondly clasped in one of Wim's, while he gently caressed them with his other. One scornful glance I flung into Wim's face, let my eyes slide contemptuously down his arm to the hands he was caressing, then before he could speak, I turned on my heel and rushed from the place.

A home-bound street car stood at the nearest corner. It began to move before I reached it, but I clambered aboard.

From the rear platform I saw Wim run to catch it. Just then the whistle on the Ferry Building signaled one o'clock. Wim stopped instantly and turned back.

Fifteen minutes—in which I strove to conceal my rage from public gaze—brought me within a block of our home. I ran that block in less than a minute, and flung myself into the house where I had no incentive to self-control.

As I entered our bedroom, Wim's photographed face smiled at me from its frame on my dresser. I snatched it from its easel, smashed it to the floor, stamped furiously on it, then caught it up, and I could feel my lips curling in contempt as I flung it to a far corner behind the bed.

I dragged a suitcase from a closet, tore clothes from their hangers in that and in Joanie's closet, jammed all I could into the case and still force the cover to lock. Then I caught it up, stamped out of the house, and banged the door behind me so hard that the windows rattled.

"Five times in these five years of married life I've left you and come back again," I flung at the house as I went down the steps, "But this time I'm leaving you forever!"

(Concluded in May issue)

Blessing in Disguise

By FRANCES B. COLE

*The fog bends near
A listening ear
And draws your pain
From hidden niche within your heart.*

*Resist it not.
Perhaps its part
In nature's plan
Is just to make you understand
And gain the knowledge
Of the healing balm of time.
Yield to the fog.
God's laws are true; sublime.*

*Who knows but when it lifts
And, once again, goes winging,
That in its folds will go your pain
To leave your free heart singing.*

son's success in life may depend upon themselves as parents. This is shown by planets in both the 4th and 10th houses, the 4th house representing the mother and the 10th house the father. Here we find the matter hinging: how will these parents as well as the son meet the responsibility and the opportunity indicated by Uranus conjunct the Midheaven, trine Neptune, but also opposition Venus and Mars in Scorpio, which denotes a tendency to indulge the desires of the lower nature. Will these parents lead the pleasure-loving, selfish life of many modern parents, to the neglect of their duty, or will they respond to the higher possibilities by giving this child the love and care necessary to develop his very best characteristics?

This same configuration of Uranus opposition Venus and Mars in Scorpio gives the native a strong desire to lead a life of pleasure, caring little for the opinions or conventions of the world. The afflicted Uranus-Venus tendency bring a lack of responsibility, a 'freedom' which too often spells license. The boy should be trained while young to put a right value on the opinions of others, that is to say, on his own *reputation*, so that the finger of scorn may never be pointed at him.

Venus and Mars conjunct in Scorpio and afflicted by Uranus shows grave danger of scandal through his relations with the opposite sex. Not only this, but the liability of his contracting a particularly destructive social disease. The parents should be very sure to teach him while young the sanctity of the generative function; first, from the high spiritual standpoint, but also from the standpoint of intelligent self-interest.

Mars strong in its own sign of Scorpio, conjunct Venus, with the latter sextile Neptune and semisextile the Sun, will give success in a vocation connected with healing the sick, except that the vocation of surgeon is not recommended on account of the opposition of both Saturn

and Uranus to Mars. Other branches of the healing art offer opportunities, however, also the metaphysical field which would bring him before the public as a lecturer. Uranus, Jupiter, and Saturn in the 9th house, representing Law and Religion, show that professions in these lines would be congenial to this Uranian character. He will desire to serve but in a way that will bring him prominence and public recognition, which is in accordance with the favorable indications of his elevated planets.

ASTRO- DIAGNOSIS A GUIDE TO HEALING

BY MAX HEINDEL AND

AUGUSTA FOSS HEINDEL

THIS beautiful, 446-page book, bound in cloth with cover stamped in red and gold, is of great value to students who are engaged in healing or nursing, whether they are attached to the orthodox medical or the nature-cure schools.

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

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Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

The Children of Aries

Birthdays: March 21 to April 20.



ARIES, first sign of the Zodiac, and ruled by the vital, dynamic Mars, endows its children with great vigor, initiative, and courage. Max Heindel says that they bubble over with life and energy to such an extent that it is often very difficult to curb them sufficiently to hold them within the bounds of safety and common sense. They are self-assertive and aggressive to a degree, always in the lead for they scorn to follow; turbulent and radical in thoughts, ideas, and actions, they are often venturesome to the verge of foolhardiness.

Aries-born of either sex are usually good workers, self-reliant, ambitious, daring. They have executive ability, are enterprising and logical in planning, but no matter how much they earn, are seldom rich, for they spend thoughtlessly and as freely as they earn. They are successful as foremen or overseers for they have a faculty of transmitting their energy and ambition to those working under their direction.

These natives do nothing by halves, and whatever cause or course of action they adopt is carried forward with the characteristic ardor of their ruling planet, Mars. As this is as true regarding bad as good activities, a special responsibility rests upon the parents of Aries children to set before them by precept and example the noblest and best form of conduct of which they (the parents) are capable. The habits formed in youth will generally make the Aries person very good or very bad. Be particularly careful to teach abstinence from alcoholic liquors, because if Aries becomes addicted to that vice he often goes to such extremes that it is most difficult to free himself.

The combined influence of the Sun in Aries and of Mars as ruler of the sign,

gives the pioneer spirit for which these natives are noted. They work best when their individuality has free play. Those born this year between March 28 and April 12 have Mercury, the planet of reason, in Aries, and this planet in a Mars' sign, sharpens the intellect. A mundane sextile to Mars in Aquarius until April 16 is an additional indication of a keen mind, intuitive and resourceful, specially adapted to things literary, mechanical, and electrical. These people have remarkable dexterity in anything to be done with the hands.

Neptune in Libra, the solar 7th house of all Arians for 14 years, starting in October 1942, brings changes and opportunities, particularly those having to do with relations with others, the public, one's partner in business or marriage. As this aspect is an opposition, it will require deliberate thought and the determination to meet it in the constructive attitude. Remember that the stars never compel either your action or your mental attitude.

Events are often beyond the individual's control, but he is and can be in control of his reaction to whatever happens in his life. You can choose whether you will react to Neptune (or any other planet) in a stubborn, contentious manner, that is, negatively, or with faith in yourself and in your own powers and in a spirit of friendliness and consideration for the rights and the viewpoints of others. If you react thus positively you will tap the higher, spiritual influence of this Planet of Divinity. The choice is yours. In the matter of good aspects, this is fully as important. It is necessary for you to act with your good aspects by being alert to your opportunities and grasping them when they come. Therefore, having control over what the effect of any circumstance shall be, you are master in your own life.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THESE PAGES are a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex, place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in the Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 14 TO 55 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Chemist. Druggist

GEORGE D. T.—Born August 27, 1928, 2 A.M. Lat. 34 N. Long. 118 W. Sun, Mercury, and Venus are in Virgo, the sign of the chemist. Also Venus and Mercury are semisextile Pluto and trine the Moon and with the sign Cancer rising, all these are good for the vocation of one who deals with the sick as druggist, nurse, dietitian, or chemist.

Leader of Groups

EVE C. B.—Born December 26, 1905, 2:30 A.M. Lat. 37 S. Long. 175 E. Sagittarius on the Ascendant and Mercury, Venus, and the Moon in the 1st house, indicates a good mixer, one who is original and can plan for the entertainment of others. Mars and Saturn conjoined in Aquarius in the 4th house (home) will be apt to cause her to become too domineering, not diplomatic in handling of groups, but groups will be attracted to her if she can curb her strict leadership a little. Bring people to her home, for entertaining as well as for healing. Venus conjoined Moon in Sagittarius sextile Mars and Saturn gives ability for lecturing, class leadership, etc.

Singer. Teacher of Voice

VANITH R. McC.—Born April 1, 1930, 8 A.M. Lat. 33 N. Long. 117 W. With fixed signs on the four angles, and four planets elevated in the 11th house this young woman will be a leader, and her natural ability and originality will give her opportunities to lead. The Moon in Taurus conjunction the Dragon's Head, semisextile Jupiter, Uranus, Sun, and Mercury, and sextile Pluto and Mars gives her a definite talent for a musical career, especially in voice. With Mercury, Sun, Uranus, and Venus all in

the sign Aries her voice should have quality. Mercury as ruler of her 5th house (education) indicates that as a teacher of voice she would find a very good field for work. The square of Saturn to Mercury, Sun, and Uranus will present obstacles and delay at times, which are for her to surmount. Mars sextile Saturn will help her do this.

Decorative Arts. Dietetics

MARCELLE W.—Born June 26, 1904, 7:45 P.M. Lat. 49 N. Long. 2 E. With Venus conjunct the Sun, Neptune in Cancer, the sign ruling the home, and Venus trine Jupiter, art of an unusual nature is shown, especially art for interior decoration. Also with the Moon conjoined Uranus in the 12th house, sextile Saturn and trine Jupiter, dietitian, taking care of the food of the patients in an institution would be another choice.

Music. Voice. Radio

VERLIN W.—Born January 4, 1924, 2:13 P.M. Lat. 38 N. Long. 98 W. Venus, the planet of music, is elevated in the 9th house in Aquarius. Venus is sextile Jupiter strong in its own sign Sagittarius, sextile the Moon in the 7th house indicating the public, and semisextile Uranus and the Sun. These are indications of a successful musical career which should eventually bring him before the public in radio or concert. Venus in Aquarius with its good aspects will give a fine voice which should be cultivated.

Chemistry Teacher

DORIS M. L.—Born August 14, 1921, 7:30 P.M. Lat. 45 N. Long. 93 W. Mars, Mercury, Neptune, and Sun are all in the house of employment (sixth) and in Leo,

the natural fifth-house sign indicating schools. Pluto and Venus are conjoined in Cancer in the 5th house (schools and education) and semisextile Mars, Mercury, and Neptune in the 6th house, while Jupiter in conjunction with Saturn in Virgo in the 7th house is semisextile the Sun. All these planetary configurations indicate talent for teaching. Virgo, in the house of the public, is the sign of aptitude for chemistry, dietary reform, hygiene, etc.

Music. Saleswoman

VIRGINIA A.—Born February 17, 1894, 11:50 P.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 80 W. Venus and the Sun are conjunct in Aquarius and trine Saturn in Libra. Mercury in Pisces is trine Uranus on the Ascendant. Music should have been the vocation chosen and prepared for in youth, but if this was not done, at the age of forty-nine we do not advise *beginning* the study of music except for her own enjoyment. Venus conjoined the Sun in Aquarius, the Moon near the Midheaven, and Uranus on the Ascendant indicates success as a saleswoman, or in other contact work with the public, which gives a wide choice for a vocation at her present age.

Reporter. Jeweler

GEORGE A. H.—Born May 22, 1904. Hour not given. Lat. 41 N. Long. 74 W. The Sun is conjunction Mars in Gemini, the natural third-house sign, of writing, publicity, etc., and Pluto is also in Gemini, sextile Jupiter and trine Saturn. We would advise the vocation of writer or reporter, and with Venus conjoined Mercury in Taurus, jeweler would be another choice of vocation.

Social Hostess. Lecturer

EDNA McC.—Born August 8, 1906, 8 A.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 91 W. With Venus in the 1st house, semisextile Mercury, and the Sun strongly placed in its own home sign Leo conjunction the Dragon's Head, Mars, and Mercury, also

semisextile Neptune and sextile Pluto in the Midheaven, we would advise this woman to take up the vocation of public entertainer, lecturer, or social hostess. Originality is shown by the planetary configurations.

Law. Ministry

JACK V.—Born March 1, 1920, 11:16 P.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 84 W. This young man has a wonderfully well-aspected Mercury. Although it is in the sign of its fall (Pisces), it is strengthened by being in an angle (4th house) and by a trine aspect to the Moon. It is also approaching a trine to Neptune and Jupiter. Moon, Neptune, and Jupiter are all in the fiery and progressive sign Leo and in the 9th house, which rules religion and law. Hence, we feel safe in saying that this young man will be most successful in either of these fields. In religion he would advocate the newer and more progressive type of religion.

Internal Revenue

JOSEPH H. C.—Born December 31, 1909, about 11 P.M. Lat. 40 N. Long. 76 W. The Sun, Uranus, and Mercury are in the tenth-house sign Capricorn, but in the 4th house, both Sun and Uranus being trine the Moon in Virgo in the 12th house. Mars is strong in Aries, conjunction to Saturn, and both sextile to Venus in the 5th house. Federal government work would be suggested. Internal revenue, income tax collector.

Motion Pictures. Metaphysics

JOE G., Jr.—Born January 5, 1925, 10:45 A.M. Lat. 29 N. Long. 97 W. There are five planets elevated in this man's chart, of which Venus and Mercury are both conjoined to the Midheaven in Sagittarius. Uranus is in conjunction to the Ascendant in the mystical sign Pisces, and is trine Pluto, a very strong metaphysical aspect, as well as sextile the Sun and trine Saturn. All these configurations tend towards public work of a metaphysical nature, or work in some branch of the Motion Picture art.

Worth-While News



Vegetarians to Demand Rights

Approximately 5000 Pasadenans, when they read articles in the newspapers of drastic meat rationing days ahead, just turn the page. They're not interested. All are vegetarians.

But, such matters as the rationing of cheese, butter and eggs do concern them to the extent that soon, in Washington, D.C., representations will be made accompanied by demands that larger allotments of cheese, butter and eggs be made for those who never touch meat.

"It's no more than fair," declared Dr. Paul Popenoe, 2305 North Marengo Avenue. "Naturally we who do not eat meat, consume larger amounts of dairy products than those who do. If meat is to be rationed, we just smile. But, when the rationing of cheese starts, then it will force us to demand our rights."

Dr. Popenoe said that in England vegetarians have been given proper recognition in the matter of rationing and, in that country, meat ration coupons are accepted for cheese, butter, milk or eggs.

"In the state of California there are approximately 350,000 persons who never eat meat from one end of the year to the other," continued Dr. Popenoe. "It is roughly estimated that 5 per cent of Pasadena's population, or 5000 in round numbers, may boast that every day is a meatless day for them."

Dr. Popenoe when he first came to California 37 years ago and saw the wealth of fresh green vegetables, products of the dairies and the orchards, asked himself: "Why bother about meat?" And, from that day to this, he hasn't bothered.

Dr. Popenoe's friends say that he is a walking example of the good health that lies in store for Americans when their meat supplies are cut. Those who knew him when he was city editor of the Pasadena Star, back in 1911, swear he doesn't look a year older than at that time.

"I believe we'll go through the same experience as enjoyed by the people of England," he said. "We hear from reliable sources that English folk were never healthier than they are today, following three years of less beef."—E. B. McLaughlin, in *Pasadena Star-News*, October 19, 1942.

The Rosicrucian student knows that all creation is slowly evolving from the

clod to God. He knows that on our earth at the present time there are four separate and distinct life waves, mineral, plant, animal, and man, all of which are evolving through the medium of forms, and that there is no life in our solar system other than the life of God which animates everything that is; therefore when we take *life* we are destroying the *form* built by God for His manifestation.

The animals are evolving spirits and have sensibilities. It is their desire for experience that causes them to build forms. When we take their forms away from them we deprive them of their opportunity for gaining experience, thereby hindering instead of helping them in their evolution.

Meat was added to man's diet in order to lower his vibration and thereby densify his physical body to the extent that he might contact and function in the physical world. It also developed his energy and fostered courage. When meat was added to man's diet (in the Atlantean Epoch), the animals were not nearly so conscious of life on the physical plane as they now are, and therefore the loss of their physical forms did not mean so much to them as it does at the present time. Furthermore the animal's passionate desire body was much less developed than now, and its physical body quite differently constituted.

It is natural that we should desire the very best of food; but every animal today has in it the poisons of decay. The venous blood is filled with carbon dioxide and other noxious products on their way to the kidneys and pores of the skin to be expelled as urine and perspiration. These loathsome substances are in every part of the animal's flesh and when we

eat such food we fill our own bodies with toxic poisons. Hence much of our illness is due to the use of flesh food.

The earth has reached the nadir of physical density and its future evolution now depends on its etherealization. Man has also reached the nadir of physical density and much of his future development depends on raising the vibration of his physical body in order that he may separate the light and reflecting ethers of the vital body from its two lower ethers and build them into a new vehicle, the soul body, in which he will function when the earth becomes etherealized and the physical body is discarded. Meat-eating directly hinders this process, for it generates low cunning, self-assertion, ferocity, and depravity, and lowers the vibration, and the energy obtained from it is largely expended in digestion. In other words, meat-eating is no longer in line with the evolution of the pioneers who are forging ahead in their development; but for those who are not yet ready to take this forward step, it is still permissible. The time is coming, however, when all must either give up this practice or else fall behind in their evolution, which certainly is a most serious matter.

Knowing all this, the Rosicrucian student sees in the present necessity man's great opportunity to turn away from his former carnivorous habits, and learn how really easy it is to abandon meat eating, thereby giving the animal kingdom an opportunity to go on with its own evolutionary process uninterrupted by man's ruthless destruction of its physical vehicles.

The change from the meat to the vegetable diet, however, will be most easily accomplished if the individual substitutes plenty of milk, butter, cheese, eggs, nuts, et cetera, for meat, until the system is able to accommodate itself to the new regime, which usually takes considerable time.

Praise the Lord, or Else . . .

Concerned with souls as well as profits is the Severance Tool Co. (all-purpose tools) of Saginaw, Mich. To get a job, prospective Severance employees must agree to attend one of the 20-minute religious devotion periods held at the start of each of the three daily shifts.

Reasons: 1) Tall, dark-haired Founder-President Rollin M. Severance is an earnest Christian and member of the Gideons (famed hotel Bible providers); 2) both President and Mrs. Severance are convinced that Severance Tool has been guided by God's hand, feel that their 600-odd employees ought to join in praise.—*Time*, December 21, 1942.

Since our entire solar system came into existence through the rhythmic, orderly, powerful vibrations set up by the spoken word of God it is evident that there is a tremendous force in nature which if contacted and understood by man could be used to secure marvelous results; and Max Heindel tells us that prayer is the key to the storehouse where this marvelous energy may be found and released; also that prayers which are in conformity with the laws of God and His divine purpose are answered. But if one prays for things which are contrary to divine law, this source is not tapped, and consequently such prayers are not answered, as such supplications, being at variance with divine progress, would result in evil instead of good to the one who offered them.

The great initiate, Shakespeare, has said, "We, ignorant of ourselves, beg often our own harm, which the wise powers deny us for our good. So find we profit by losing our prayers."

As the religious services instituted by the founders of the Severance Tool Co. are conducted with a worthy purpose in view, they are sure to be of tremendous value not only to the ones who inaugurated them but also to all those who engage in them; and such a combined effort impelled by the right motive is bound to bring about amazing results.

Question Department



Clairvoyance in Children

Question:

I have several times been told that all children are clairvoyant. If this is true why should they lose this sight as they grow older?

Answer:

We believe the enquirer would be interested in reading Max Heindel's answer to a similar question propounded to him. The answer was: "Yes, all are clairvoyant at least during the first year of their life. It depends upon the spirituality of the child to a great extent, also upon its environment, as to how long it will keep the faculty, for most children communicate all they see to their elders and the child's faculty of clairvoyance is affected by their attitude. Often children are ridiculed, and nothing so hurts their sensitive little natures. They soon learn to shut out the scenes which engender the ridicule of their elders, or at least they will soon learn to keep such experiences to themselves. When listened to, they often reveal wonderful things, and at times it is possible to trace a previous life by information from a little child. (Note) This happens particularly, of course, if the child died as a child in its previous life, for then it would only have been in the invisible world from one to twenty years, so that it is possible to verify its information. Children who, in their previous life, died as children, are much more apt to remember the past and to be clairvoyant than other children because the desire body and vital body are not born at the same time as the physical body of the child, but at seven and fourteen years of age respectively, and what has not been quickened cannot die, so that if a child passes out before birth of the vital body

(seven years) or of the desire body (fourteen years), it will not go into the Second or Third Heaven, but will stay in the Desire World and will be reborn with the same desire body and mind that it possessed in its previous life, and therefore it will be very much more apt to remember what happened then."

EVOLUTION A CONTINUOUS PROCESS—No LAST DAY

Question:

At the present time we hear so much about the "Last Day" as mentioned by the Bible being very near at hand. What is the opinion of the Rosicrucian Fellowship on this subject?

Answer:

There will never be a "Last Day" so far as the process of evolution is concerned, for that is a continuous activity either objectively or subjectively. However, certain processes in the evolutionary scheme do have a beginning and an end so far as some one particular form of manifestation is concerned. For instance: There are many Days of Manifestation followed by intervals of subjectivity, one following right after the other throughout eternity. Each day of manifestation is followed by a cosmic night devoted to assimilation based upon the previous life of manifestation. That which we are able to achieve during active manifestation and the ability to progress at all, is the result of the progress made during each successive Cosmic Night. The importance of the interim between days of active manifestation lies in the fact that during that period the evolving entities of all classes are so closely associated that for the time they are really one; consequently those which are of lower development during

manifestation are in closest contact with the more highly evolved, thus experiencing and benefiting by a much higher vibration than their own. This enables them to live over and assimilate their past experiences in a manner impossible when hampered by any kind of Form.

Each epoch, each revolution, and each day of manifestation is followed by a cosmic night the duration of which is based on the length of time consumed by the previous active manifestation. Cosmic Nights following epochs are the shortest, and those following the complete seven days of manifestation are the longest.

The "Last Day" mentioned in the Bible probably refers to one of the Cosmic Nights which occurs between periods of active manifestation.

ANY ATTEMPT TO FRUSTRATE DESTINY DANGEROUS

Question:

If it is known that an insane person is absolutely incurable, would it not be better to put such a one out of his misery as painlessly as possible by administering an anesthetic strong enough to end the life of the unfortunate one? Surely there could be no reasonable cause for prolonging such agony, as the spirit cannot possibly gain experience under such circumstances.

Answer:

This question clearly shows that the enquirer does not understand conditions relating to insanity. In the first place, the ego does gain much experience during such a life, for it is not the ego which is insane. The cause of insanity is the improper connection between its various vehicles, the mind, the desire body, the vital body, and the dense vehicle. Note carefully the following: When the connection between the *brain centers* and the *vital body* is imperfect, we find what is called the idiot, one who is often very melancholy but generally perfectly harm-

less. When the break in the connection is between the *vital body* and the *desire body* the condition is somewhat similar, but includes the class in which the muscular control is defective, such as epilepsy, St. Vitus dance, et cetera. When the connection is faulty or broken between the *desire body* and the *mind*, we have the raving maniac who is violent and dangerous. When the connection between the *ego* and the *mind* is defective, we have the soulless man or woman, the most dangerous of all, for such a one is possessed of a shrewd cunning that usually at some wholly unexpected time is put to a most diabolical use.

When the ego is immured in such a body, which for reasons to be sought in past lives, it is forced to remain in yet cannot control, it suffers more or less acutely according to its stage in evolution, and through this suffering it learns the lessons in the school of life which it would learn in no other way, but which are required absolutely to further its development. True, it is a sad condition for which the ego is itself responsible, but although one life appears to us to be very long, it is, in reality, but a fleeting moment in the unending life of the spirit, and it is a consolation to know that when such an ego comes back to earth life again it will be in a normal body by means of which it will be able to further its evolution very rapidly, at the same time avoiding the pitfalls which caused its undoing in a former life.

No individual has the right to take it upon himself to end the life of another person. The length of each person's life is determined in the Third Heaven by the individual himself, assisted by the wise Lords of Destiny, before the spirit returns to take up a new earth life; and any interference with the plan would certainly bring a heavy debt of destiny to the one who either consciously or unconsciously attempted to frustrate the correct scheme adopted for future fulfillment.

Nutrition and Health

Rosicrucian Ideals

The Rosicrucian Teachings advocate a *simple, pure, and harmless life*. We hold that a plain vegetarian diet is most conducive to health and purity, also that alcoholic drinks, tobacco, and stimulants are injurious to health and spirituality. AS CHRISTIANS we believe it to be our duty to avoid sacrificing the lives of animals and birds for food, also, as far as possible to refrain from using their skins and feathers for clothing. We hold vivisection to be diabolical and inhuman.

We believe in the healing power of prayer and concentration, but we also believe in the use of material means to supplement the higher forces.

Our motto is: A SANE MIND, A SOFT HEART, A SOUND BODY.

The Cause and Cure of Colds

By MAX HEINDEL



AS this is a time of the year when people are apt to catch cold it may also be in season to consider the causes of colds, how prevented, and in case one has already been contracted how it may be cured.

We live in an age of germs and serums. Every disease is supposed to have its micro-organism and an antidote is given either as a preventive or a curative. One may even be inoculated for a cold and it is claimed that if the operation is successful one is henceforth immune. Perhaps some day all the different antidotes may be compounded into an *elixir-vitae* which will make us immune from the whole horde of dreaded germs. Seriously, what an anomaly this condition is. Man has conquered the whole world and stricken terror into the hearts of all the creatures which he can reach by the various devices he has made for their destruction. Even the largest of creatures fly before him in fear. But he himself is afraid of creatures so minute that he can only see them by the help of the most powerful microscope. And these little microbes are so dreaded that some of the ablest men of the world spend their whole

lives in efforts to restrain the ravages of the minute foe.

It is true that the micro-organisms exist, but it is also true that they cannot obtain a foothold in any organism which is in a state of normal health. It is only when from other causes our bodies have become debilitated that disease germs are able to get a foothold at all and commence their destructive processes. Those who are in radiant health, and we use this word literally, may go without fear into any plague camp. Even if there are more germs on a square inch of the patients' bodies than there are people in all the world, so long as the man is in radiant health they cannot affect him.

To make our meaning clear concerning this phrase, "*radiant health*," we must reiterate the fact so often insisted upon, a fact which science is beginning to discover, that our bodies are interpenetrated by the ether in such a volume that under most conditions it radiates from the body.

One who is endowed with spiritual sight sees within the dense physical body another vehicle resembling it exactly, organ for organ, and formed of ether. He sees also that through the spleen there is a continued influx of etheric life force which undergoes a chemical change in the solar

NOTE: Reprinted from an article in the January 1917 issue of this Magazine.

plexus and is then circulated through the whole body as a pale rose-colored fluid with a slight purple tinge. He sees that this etheric fluid radiates from the whole periphery of the body through every pore in the skin, carrying with it an enormous amount of the poisonous gases which are generated by the food we take into our systems, selected usually because it pleases either the eyes or the palate, rather than for the nutritional value it contains.

So long as this vital radiation of the etheric life-force is sufficiently strong it not only carries away the poisons from the body, but keeps deleterious organisms from entering, on the same principle which makes it impossible for flies or other insects to find entrance into a building through an aperture where an exhaust fan is sending a current outward. But the moment the exhaust fan is stopped the way is opened for the various classes of insects which infest our buildings. Similarly, if for any reason the human organism becomes unable to assimilate a sufficient amount of vital force to keep up this radiating emanation it is also possible for the dreaded micro-organisms to enter and obtain a foothold in the body where they then commence their ravages, to the further detriment of health.

In view of these facts the prevention of disease narrows itself down to the problem of how to keep the system from becoming clogged so that the radiant life-force may have an unimpeded flow; and when diseased conditions have set in, the curative process must have the effect of opening the clogged channels to be successful.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, former Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, is reported as having said that the best way to cure a cold is to take a bottle of cough medicine, set it on the table in the patient's room, open all the windows and throw the bottle of medicine through one of them. In other words, instead of taking cough and cold remedies use plenty

of pure, fresh air, and without doubt there is much wisdom in this advice. But it does not go far enough. If he had said, "Bring in also a good dinner, breakfast, and supper for the patient and throw them after the bottle of medicine," he would have come much closer to a cure of the cold.

For it may be said, without fear of successful contradiction, that the greatest number of the diseases to which the flesh is said to be heir come from taking too much food and not the right kind, also from lack of mastication. This latter perhaps is the greatest of our sins. Baron Munchausen, the celebrated champion prevaricator, relates how when he visited the Moon he found that the people cooked their food there as we do but instead of sitting down to the table and eating it bit by bit they simply opened a door in their left side and put the food into their stomachs. We have not reached that point at present but we are very close to it. The way in which the average American bolts his food is deplorable to say the least. The quick lunch rooms with their uncomfortable stools where it is impossible to rest and relax while partaking of the so-called food are a national menace. Every one who sits down at one of these places seems intent upon setting a record for swallowing the greatest amount of food in the shortest possible time. . . .

From . . . foods . . . we endeavor to build our bodies and this, as is well known, is accomplished by transforming as much thereof as possible to blood, while the rest is to be eliminated as waste.

It is the custom of the medical profession to see that the proper elimination of waste takes place no matter what the nature of the disease may be, and anyone who attempts to break up a cold must necessarily imitate this wise method and see that the proper excretory function is stimulated to the highest possible degree, for that is one important method of freeing the system and enabling the life-

force to again flow through it. The other part of the food which is transformed into blood does not remain in the fluid state but is evaporated or even etherialized according to the development of the Ego in whose body it flows. It surges through the whole body as steam through a boiler and when it comes in contact with the cold air through pores clogged by a surplus amount of food poison and partly anesthetized so as to be unresponsive to the nervous impulse which otherwise closes them partially against the chill, the blood is liquified or partly liquified and becomes a burden and a clog to that part of the blood stream which is not affected. As a result, micro-organisms are generated which form the pus we sense as a cold.

A person who is injured and loses a quantity of blood feels weak. So does the person whose blood has been chilled within him and for the same reason, but one who has a cold must farther expend effort to get rid of the deleterious waste before he can be cured. Gluttony, bad food, and faulty mastication are not the only causes of colds. It is a fact well known to every occultist that all that is in the visible world is a manifestation of something that was pre-existent in the invisible realms of nature, and cold is no exception.

When we know that there is an immutable law of cause and effect and that there can be no effect without an underlying and adequate cause we may easily realize the truth of this statement. It is also certain that nothing can come to us which we have not in some way deserved and therefore if we are to look for causes in the invisible realm we shall find that they must naturally have to do with ourselves. The cold that we sense here and which is a disagreeable manifestation to us is an outcome of something that existed within ourselves previously, but what? To this question it may be confidently affirmed that our own attitude of mind is an all-important factor in the state of health. This also is well known

to medical science and all observing persons.

A man who is habitually optimistic, whose mouth has an upward turn at the corners always on the verge of expanding into a broad smile will be found to be singularly immune from colds as well as all other diseases, whereas the person with the drooping mouth and the drawn face who is always worrying about things that never materialize, who sees an enemy in every human being and persistently holds an attitude of anger and malice toward his fancied or real enemies, by that very attitude of mind shrinks into a shell and prevents assimilation of the radiant etheric life-forces and is therefore a prey to all the ills to which the flesh is heir. Nor can he be cured by all the medicines ever made until he learns to abandon his dark outlook upon life. These cases are of course extreme and there are all gradations as well as mixtures of the two natures but it will be found that the health of a person varies with his view of life in almost exact ratio.

From the foregoing remarks we may therefore draw the following deductions, viz., that the best preservative of health is an optimistic attitude of mind which looks upon life fearlessly and sees a friend in everyone.

Circumspection and discrimination in the matter of food. We must avoid excesses. It is better to eat too little than too much, and we should make it a point to have a comfortable seat where we may relax the body while we leisurely masticate the meal.

Proper attention should also be paid to the matter of elimination and when it is not up to normal certain foods also which contain a superabundance of cellulose should be taken to promote this perfect action.

To sum up in a sentence, be cheerful, be temperate in food. Cheerfulness, temperance in food, and right elimination are a compound which would cure almost all the ills to which the flesh is heir.

Healing Department Notes

“I BELIEVE strongly,” writes an applicant for healing, “that the Christ Force can heal one’s bodily tissues but is it also possible for this Force to correct displacements such as mine? Can the Invisible Helpers do such work?”

Our answer is, Yes, provided the patient gives the co-operation required to render him receptive to the operations of the Invisible Helpers. Our method of healing, not being entirely spiritual, entails efforts on the part of the petitioner to change his ways of thinking and living so they work in harmony with the law of health and well-being. Habitual thoughts of doubt and worry must be supplanted by those of Faith; emotions of anger and fear that generate poisons must be controlled; diet that clogs and crystallizes must be corrected. Such a change makes for *permanent* recovery, as the patient, co-operating with the spiritual ministrations of the Invisible Helpers, not only aids in healing himself but he inaugurates a regime that *keeps* him well.

It is also essential that the patient submit a weekly report, written in ink, for an indispensable contact between him and the healers. Max Heindel tells of a man who suffered constant pain from displaced vertebrae which no osteopath or doctor could relieve. The dislocation was corrected through the Invisible Helpers and in his elation at his freedom from pain, the man immediately discontinued his weekly reports thereby severing connection with the Helpers before the adjusted vertebrae had time to *grow* into place. Shortly after, he realized his mistake and at once asked for reinstatement, which of course was given until the bones were secure.

These Invisible Helpers are a carefully picked group, operating in their etheric bodies on the inner planes while the pa-

tient sleeps. They are individuals who have renounced the selfish indulgences of the world and entered the path of self-denial and unselfish service. They have proven their sincerity over a period of years to a point where they take a sacred obligation, signing in ink, thereby forming a definite link between them and the Elder Brothers. They are now Probationers, which in itself does not admit them to the ranks of Invisible Helpers *unless*, during their waking hours, they live pure and worthy lives of unselfish service, which builds up within them a degree of spiritual power.

They are then under instruction, on the inner planes, of other Probationers who are doctors, thoroughly proficient in the knowledge and treatment of bodily ills, as well as tried and true spiritual aspirants.

But even this does not sound the highest note in the healing service. Sincere and efficient though this group must be, they still are subject to finite limitations, but all of them are under the guidance of the Elder Brothers, who are the moving spirits in the whole work. These Elder Brothers are advanced beings of our life wave who have passed through and mastered every element and claim of the physical world and so understand our every need and how to cope with it.

We are often told by patients that they have felt the Invisible Helpers working inside and outside their bodies at night. But too often people undo by day the good accomplished during the night. On the other hand, many friends who really strive to work with the Law of Healing experience such prompt and increasing improvement and awareness of the presence of the Helpers and their beneficent work on them, that their letters of joy and gratitude are a blessing to read.

Patients' Letters

England, November 1942.

My dear Friends and Helpers:

This is just to convey my sincere thanks for all the help and aid that has been granted to me.

My doctors and surgeon are delighted with me, and consider my recovery marvelous. There is now no trace of cancer in my body, nor has there been for over two months.

Words fail to express my thanks at not only the recovery, but the *maintained* recovery. I now rise at 6 A.M. (which is really five A.M. because of our altered time), catch an early train and am at the office by eight, and sometimes before. I work until six, and except for Tuesdays return here, arriving about 7:30 P.M. when I have supper and bed. On Tuesdays I get back here about 10:30 P.M. for I go to the Fellowship meeting. So you see my programme does not sound like an invalid's does it? My chief "complaints" at present are a cold nose and cold hands! caused by the want of a shilling for the gas fire meter, but I'm well, and of course happy,

My love and thanks to you all.

From yours lovingly,
—B.M.

Illinois, January 1943

Rosicrucian Fellowship
Healing Dept.

Dear Friends:

Please remove my name from your list.

I am feeling fine. No aches, no pain. Operation a huge success.

Things generally are going much better. Many thanks,

Sincerely,
—H.I.

California, January 1943.

To the Healing Department
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Brothers and Sisters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship:

I am writing you to ask to be placed once more on your healing list. I have been suffering with a cold—sore throat, nasal and chest cold for 10 days. I have tried unsuccessfully to heal myself and must come again to you as I have in the last 20 years. I do thank the Higher Power for my many healings I have received through the Healing Center, and I know that I will receive immediate help. I pray I may grow spiritually stronger that I may heal others instead of having to ask others to give of their strength for me. Will be able to send a love gift in the near future.

May the Roses Bloom upon your Cross.

Best wishes for 1943 and the years to follow.

—N.D.

Healing Dates

March 1— 7—14—22—28

April 4—11—18—25

May 1— 8—15—22—28

Healing meetings are held at Mt. Ecclesia on the above dates at 6:30 P.M. If you would like to join in this work, begin when the clock in your place of residence points to 6:30 P.M., or as near that as possible; meditate on health, and pray to the Great Physician, our Father in Heaven, for the healing of all who suffer, particularly those who have applied to the Invisible Helpers.

People Who Are Seeking Health

May be helped by our Healing Department. The healing is done largely by the Invisible Helpers, who operate on the invisible plane, principally during the sleep of the patient. The connection with the Helpers is made by a weekly letter to Headquarters. Helpful individual advice on diet, exercise, environment, and similar matters is given to each patient. This department is supported by freewill offerings. For further information address, The Rosicrucian Fellowship, Oceanside, Calif., U.S.A.

STRANGE ALCHEMY

By INGA M. BILLBERG

Joy is sufficient for the soul, I said.

The times when happiness

Burned great within me

I felt my soul grow mellow and radiant—

I felt it stretch far beyond

Its old dimensions.

It is enough, I said;

Far better than the lashing sting of pain and grief

Which flay the soul until it hangs slashed and spent

As a flag which has flown in the brunt of battle.

But, yesterday I watched the rains come down.

*I saw the soil, grown hard and barren
By the ceaseless beating of the summer sun,*

Give way to a new freedom and a new promise

By the tears of earth.

Even as I looked

*A blade of grass pushed its way
through the black loam*

With startling greenness.

Children's Department



Aunt Charlotte's Stepmother

By CLARISSA A. KNEELAND

(PART TWO—CONCLUSION)

In Part One: Alice, a Junior Hi student, is angry and discouraged because the teacher has assigned Helen, a student whom she dislikes, as her co-worker on a certain school project. Great-aunt Charlotte takes this time to tell Alice a story of her own youth. Her father had been a widower since Charlotte's infancy, with one of two maiden aunts as housekeeper, until, when she was about fifteen years old, he chose to marry a Miss Lucelia Joslyn. Charlotte had never liked Lucelia, not even a little bit, and she felt that she just *couldn't bear it* to have her as her mother. She kept her feelings secret from her father and from everyone for days, but finally took her grief to her saintly Sunday School teacher. Miss Amanda listened understandingly, and then they talked it over together, and Charlotte admitted that if she really loved Christ she had *no right* to feel as she did toward Lucelia Joslyn, nor to feel resentful toward her own father. Aunt Charlotte is now in the midst of telling Alice the plan worked out by herself and Miss Amanda to prove that she loves Christ more than her own pride. *Now finish the story:*

"THEN I must begin to really love Lucelia, and the best way to do that was to praise her—that is, behind her back. Miss Amanda said if I praised her to her face it might look as if I were trying to flatter her. I must be courteous and ladylike to her face, of course, but I must begin straightway to praise her behind her back. Every day I must speak to at least one person, in her praise.

"If you cannot think of anything else at first, you can say she has beautiful eyes," she told me.

"But Miss Amanda," I protested, "I don't think her eyes *are* beautiful. Won't it be a lie if I say it when I do not think so?"

Aunt Charlotte stopped to bite off her

thread and reached for the shears and another roll of patch cloth.

"Now you see," she continued, "Miss Amanda was always very careful never to speak a word that was anywhere near a lie, so she had to think that over a minute and then she said, 'Well then, Charlotte, you can say the color of her eyes is beautiful, and that cannot be a lie because all colors are beautiful.'"

"She told me a few more things that I could have to say in Lucelia's praise until I should have discovered some good things myself. She said I could say she was always kind to old people, and that she wrote a beautiful hand and kept her accounts very neatly. These were things I had not known myself but I knew they were true if Miss Amanda said so.

"Well, before long the marriage came off and I just sort of gritted my teeth and stiffened my backbone and did not let myself cry even after I had gone to bed that night, and the next day I acted as if I were pleased and just kept smiling all the time. After that, every few days I would manage to slip away for a little while over to Miss Amanda's. She always expected me to tell her something nice about my stepmother, and honestly, Alice, one time the only thing I could think of to say was that I liked her kitchen apron.

"That was pretty absurd, but Miss Amanda never batted an eyelash. She just answered in her prim way, 'Yes, Charlotte, I have noticed myself that your new mother has good taste in dress.'"

Alice had to giggle over Aunt Charlotte's mimicry.

"Well," continued Aunt Charlotte, "that was the way it went at first, but I kept my promise good and true, and I watched for everything I could praise, and listened for everything nice other people said so that I could repeat it, and it was sure surprising how many good qualities I got on the track of.

"Before long people began to notice and so, because they thought I liked my new mother and it would please me if they praised her, they began to do it quite a bit more than they otherwise might have done.

"Then, Alice, it was not long before I found they were praising *me* behind *my* back because they thought I was such a dear good girl and appreciated my stepmother instead of being hateful with her and disobedient as so many young stepdaughters were. I couldn't help but like it to have people approve of me.

"Then finally came a day when I could tell Miss Amanda honestly that I really did not dislike my stepmother any more and was not unhappy about Father having married her.

"There was only one thing. She was not demonstrative with me at all; she treated me kindly at all times but with a little reserve so somehow I could never feel sure, not really *sure* that she liked *me*.

"But one day on the way home from Miss Amanda's a tramp overtook me in the road. In these days, Alice, there are lots of real good men tramping the roads, but in my young days if a man was a tramp you could be sure he was pretty worthless. I was terribly afraid of them.

"That one kept right along beside of me, and if I had not been actually in sight of home I think I should have fainted I was so scared, and pretty soon when he began to try to talk to me I broke into a run.

"Then all of a sudden Mother appeared there in the road in front of us. She had seen, and came hurrying out, and I never forgot how her face looked as she stood up to that tramp.

"Go on about your business, Sir,"

she told him, 'this is *my* girl and I will not have her frightened!'

"The great hulking fellow gave one look at her and went right on without any more words, and Mother put her arm around me and told me not to be afraid, she would never let any one hurt me. And as we went on back to the house she said so many loving things to me that I knew forever after that my stepmother really did love me dearly, and what was more, I knew I loved her.

"I used to look at her after that and wonder how I could ever have thought that sweet face was not pretty."

"And you got on all right after that?"

"Why, yes. Oh, of course we did not always agree, but when people love each other it does not matter that they do not exactly agree always. Nothing hard ever came between us. The older I grew the closer and dearer she seemed to me. Life never brought me a friend I loved more."

With eyes alight with pleasant memories, Aunt Charlotte continued:

"She and Father had several children but they were all boys and Mother wanted a little girl very much indeed. Father died finally before the little girl had come but a few months after we laid Father to rest, Mother gave birth to her last child, and it was a girl. She was the prettiest new baby I ever saw, that little sister of mine.

"But Mother was tired and worn out. She had grieved her heart out over losing Father and something went wrong with her, and a few days after sister was born they could see we had to give up Mother too. When they told her that she sent for me.

"I was grown up and married myself then, but husband and I lived right close and when they told me that morning I ran over as fast as I could and went in and dropped down on my knees beside her bed and asked her what she wanted, and she gave me little sister to have for my own.

"My brothers will care for my sons,"

she told me, 'but Charlotte, I want you to have my little daughter. Take her for your very own and fill my place with her. Name her for me and be as good a mother to her as you have been a daughter to me.'

"I promised that I would, and she died that night."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alice. "What a sad ending for your story, Auntie!"

Great-aunt Charlotte laid down her work and looked earnestly into the young face.

"Why, no, it is not," she said. "See, Alice; I had had years and years of happiness with Mother after I put away my wrong feeling and obeyed my Lord's commands in regard to her. And then to have her trust me like that, to have her give me that sacred task, to know that when she came to die, she had gone perfectly easy in her dear heart because she loved and trusted me so. Why, Alice, I

felt as if the glory of the Lord Himself was shining round me."

Mother called then from the other room.

"Put away your sewing, Auntie, it is too dark to sew any more; besides, supper is ready."

Alice rose and gathered up the stockings.

"Well, of course, Auntie, I am bright enough to know why you have told me all this, and I'll be game also. I can't pretend to be as good and loyal a Christian as you were, but as it happens, I love Jesus too, though you might not always think it. But anyway, Auntie, Helen has beautiful eyes, she really has, Auntie!"

Great-aunt Charlotte smiled up at her.

"Dear child," she said, "I am sure she has."

Song for the Inanimate

By MURIEL THURSTON

*For every lowly thing, and meek,
That has not yet the power
To praise God vocally, I speak
In its behalf this hour.*

*The flowing grace of animal,
The claw, the quivering ear,
Are in themselves antiphonal
To Deums He can hear.*

*The tree and flower express their
prayer;
The essence of their soul
Wafts up to Him on perfumed air
And fills all Heaven's bowl.*

*And mighty rivers! None can doubt
Their inner urgency;
They sing serenely, flowing out
To meet their destined sea.*

*And winds, and wheat fields, and the
grass—
Their subtle songs of praise
Make music as the seasons pass
To glorify His days.*

*—But muted ones I represent:
The crock, the stewing pan,
The humble rug that is content
To ease the feet of man.*

*The patient chair on which we sit,
The paper on the wall,
The candle that has not been lit—
Father, I speak for all.*

*"Lord, hearken to our silent lyre,
Our wordless minstrelsy;
In praise of Thee we dare aspire
To serve humanity!"*

Echoes from Mt. Ecclesia



EASTER this year falls on April 25, the latest date from 1901 to 1950; the earliest Easter to occur in the same 50 years being March 23, 1913. This page is being written in the busy last week of February, "Point System" week, during which every person in the United States, young or old, native or foreign, must be registered for United States War Ration Book No. 2. At this time we are also planning for our Easter Sunrise Service. As is our custom, there will be an appropriate program of special music, instrumental and vocal, Eastertide readings, and social fellowship on Saturday evening, April 24, in the Dining Hall. All are invited. Friends who wish to stay over night are asked to make their reservations as early as possible. Previously, rooms could be obtained in Oceanside when no more were available at Mt. Ecclesia, but that is no longer possible.

The Sunrise Service is set for 6:10 A.M., Pacific War Time. It is our hope that as in the past two years, Oceanside churches will join with us in making this a Community Service. We feel that there are few places of such fitting natural beauty for this inspiring spiritual event as Mt. Ecclesia. World War conditions are such that it is probable that people everywhere will look back to the Sunrise Service of Easter 1943, wherever attended, as a memorable occasion. We hope many who read this will be able to say, "We were at Mt. Ecclesia."

Details as to special music and other speakers have not been arranged at this writing, but Mrs. Max Heindel, co-founder with Max Heindel of Mt. Ecclesia as Headquarters of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, will deliver the keynote message when the first rays of the sun are glimpsed behind the distant range of mountains. At the end of the outdoor

program our usual brief Chapel service will be held. Since its dedication on Christmas Eve of 1913 an evening and a morning service has never once been omitted in our much loved Chapel.

At 11:00 A.M. and 7:30 P.M., in the Chapel there will be special Easter Sunday devotional services, with addresses by speakers to be announced later.

Among the visitors at Mt. Ecclesia recently have been several friends from a distance who have spent from two weeks to a month with us. Señor Pastor Medina of Havana, Cuba, on a 30-day leave, spent 16 days in travel in order to have two weeks at Headquarters, his first visit. Mr. J. C. Morris, from Anchorage, Alaska, also Miss Katherine Breid from New York City, are two others who are enjoying the beauty and serenity of Mt. Ecclesia for the first time. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Cash, old friends from Rochester, N. Y., are making a return visit to Mt. Ecclesia.

ANNUAL BOARD MEETING

On Saturday, February 20, the annual meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at Mt. Ecclesia. The following statement has been authorized:

February 22, 1943.

In accordance with the annual meeting of the Corporate members of the Rosicrucian Fellowship, on February 20, 1943, the following are members of the Corporation:

Mrs. Max Heindel, Z. Glen Meyncke, Juanita Emerick, Omar C. Dodson, Margaret Scarborough, Kittie Cowen, Agnes Oakley, Wilburn Wyatt, Mary Monahan, Arline Cramer, Adam Knieling, Reginald T. Oakley.

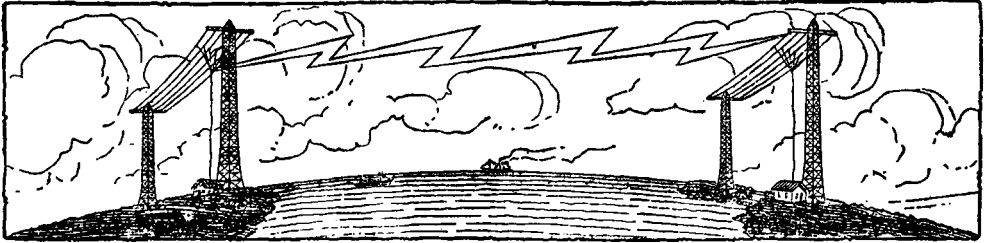
The meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Rosicrucian Fellowship on February 20, 1943, elected the following officers:

President, Z. Glen Meyncke; Vice-President, Juanita Emerick; Secretary, Reginald T. Oakley; Treasurer, Omar C. Dodson.

Finance Committee: Chairman, Omar C. Dodson; Agnes Oakley, Z. Glen Meyncke.

Executive Committee: Chairman, Margaret Scarborough; Kittie Cowen, Agnes Oakley, Omar C. Dodson, Reginald T. Oakley.

Rosicrucian News Bureau



• • • •

The New Age into which we are speedily moving will demand a consciousness having for its major premise the *welfare of the group*, rather than the limited consciousness which directs individual activities largely for "me and mine." Vibrations of mighty spiritual hierarchies are impinging upon us, heralding a grander way of life, and as we respond to these vibrations by becoming *group conscious* so will we be able to fit into the new conditions and live in harmony with them.

The ability to *feel* the unity of "each with all" bespeaks an awareness of the larger interests and needs of the group, the inner response to the actuality of "the tie that binds." Along with this comes the recognition of the new ideal of *leadership by the group* rather than by the *individual*, the autocratic attitude of imposing some one individual's response to an idea upon his fellow men giving way to the more truly democratic and universal ideal of human relationship.

The ability to co-operate, to work with others in trust and harmony, is possessed by every one who has reached a substantial degree of group consciousness. There is no longer a striving for individual power or fame. The spirit of competition and egoism is replaced by an unselfish desire to further the progress of the many rather than that of the one or the few.

Attainment to group consciousness is marked by the transmutation of desire for accumulated worldly goods into a longing only for treasures "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Interest becomes focused in securing for *all humanity* an equal measure of the material things necessary for harmoniously progressive living, bringing about a broader and sounder social and economic order.

Opportunities for individual preparation for the future come in their fullness only through group associations. It is a high privilege to participate in group activities, serving unselfishly and evolving the true group consciousness which lifts the individual and the group yet higher on the spiral ladder of evolution.

SANTIAGO, CHILE, SOUTH AMERICA.

Recent reports from the friends of this Group indicate that the Work is being continued there in the same spirit of "patient persistence in well-doing." Our correspondent writes:

"A trip of the secretary of the Center to Argentina and Uruguay has delayed temporarily the sending in of the monthly reports, but we take pleasure in enclosing them with this letter. The secretary was much impressed on his journey by the enthusiasm and devotion which exist in the Centers visited in the countries

mentioned, and especially in the Center of Montevideo.

"Under separate cover we are sending you five pamphlets from the Translation Department of this Center, which has translated into Spanish the Manual of Instruction for The Rosicrucian Fellowship Sunday School, and three copies of the Spanish version of your pamphlet, The Educational Value of Astrology. This same Department has undertaken the work of translating into Spanish the Lessons for the Solar Month of the Rosicrucian Sunday School during the next year. On January 1st will appear the translation of the lesson corresponding to the sign Aries, and after that one for each sign until the whole Sunday School Course is completed."

The Christmas Celebration for this Group included the giving of clothes, toys, and sweets to the children of the Santiago Orphan Asylum, as well as a program emphasizing the significance of the Holy Season for the grown-ups.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Recent reports and bulletins from this Center indicate an earnest effort on the part of loyal workers to meet the challenge of the times by infusing new interest and effort into the Work there. The February bulletin brings the message of Aquarius in the words of the Christ: "Love one another as I have loved you," and follows with these apt remarks concerning the nature of this increasingly prominent zodiacal sign:

"Aquarius pours out its waters of Life upon all flesh. Its magnetic streams quicken all they touch. Life processes are accelerated, the mentality is brightened, the intuition sharpened, originality and inventiveness follow. Aquarius is the sheath of Uranus, the planet of Altruism. Its qualities foster brotherhood and universality. It stimulates interest in the metaphysical and advances man's mastery over the subtler forces of nature. It is an airy sign and governs electricity and the ethers. Aviation and

World Headquarters

OF THE

Rosicrucian Fellowship

MT. ECCLESIA

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

STUDY GROUPS AND CHARTERED CENTERS

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

Services and classes are held in the following cities. The public is cordially invited.

- Calgary, Alta., Can.*—108 14th Ave. W.
- Calgary, Alta., Canada.*—1536 15th Ave. W.
- Chicago, Ill.*—Room 719, Ashland Bldg., 155 N. Clark St.
- Cleveland, Ohio.*—Carnegie Hall, 1220 Huron Road, Room 916.
- Denver, Colo.*—P. O. Box 3,
- Detroit, Michigan.*—115 W. Adams.
- Grass Valley, Calif.*—Off Byrens' Drive.
- Indianapolis, Ind.*—38 No. Pennsylvania St., Room 411.
- Kansas City, Mo.*—2734 Prospect.
- Long Beach, Calif.*—361 E. First St.
- Los Angeles, Calif.*—2404 W. 7th St.
- Los Angeles, Calif.*—511 N. Eastern Ave. (Spanish Group)
- Minneapolis, Minn.*—2020 Nicollet Ave.
- New Orleans, La.*—429 Carondelet St.
- New York City, N. Y.*—266 West 73rd St.
- Omaha, Neb.*—301 No. 31st St.
- Portland, Ore.*—627 N. E. Laddington Ct. Tel. La. 3803.
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- Santa Ana, Calif.*—214 W. Walnut St.
- Seattle, Wash.*—1913 Westlake.
- Schenectady, N. Y.*—13 Union St.
- St. Paul, Minn.*—318 Midland Trust Bldg.
- Toronto, Ont., Canada.*—36 Lansdowne. Telephone, Melrose 4275.
- Vancouver, B. C.*—Room 12, Williams Bldg., Cor. Granville and Hastings Sts.

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Lagos, Nigeria.—P. O. Box 202.
Obuasi, G. C.—P. O. Box 43.
Sekondi, G. C.—P. O. Box 224.
Takoradi, G. C.—c/o E. Oben Torkonoo.

ARGENTINE

Buenos Aires.—Calle Carabobo 886.

AUSTRALIA

Sydney, N.S.W.—2 Cronulla St., Carlton.

BELGIUM

Brussels.—74 rue Stevens Delannoy.

BRITISH GUIANA

Georgetown.—69 Brickdam.

CHILE

Santiago.—Casilla Postal No. 9154
Valparaiso.—Casilla 3238 Viña del Mar—
 Arlegui 1124.

CUBA

Havana.—San Francisco 473, Vibora.

ENGLAND

Liverpool.—71 Upper Huskisson St. Telephone, Heswall, 304.
London.—39 Cleveland Sq., Bayswater W.2.

JAVA

Bandoeng.—Lembangweg 77.

MEXICO

Mérida, Yuc.—Calle 41 No. 496.
Mexico City.—Apdo. No. 1680.

NEW ZEALAND

Auckland.—3 City Rd., Auckland C. 1.

PARAGUAY

Asunción.—Louis Alberto de Herrera. Republica Francesa.
Asunción.—Garibaldi 118.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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PORTUGAL

Lisbon.—Rua Renato Baptista 43 - 2°.

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Apeldoorn.—Lavendellaan 16.
Arnhem.—Meadaglaan 18.
Den Haag.—Secretariaat: Sadeestraat 12.
Rotterdam.—Claes de Vrieselaan 51.
Zaandam.—Langestraat 24.
Zeist.—32 Jan Meerdinklaan.

URUGUAY

Montevideo.—Lavalaja No. 1768.

the radio are among its manifestations. Saturn is co-ruler with Uranus of the sign Aquarius. Saturn provides the form in which the life forces of Uranus may find expression. The Uranian inspirations are provided with Saturnian stabilization. This gives poise, equilibrium, and power."

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Our ever alert worker in this city writes of the helpfulness one of our pamphlet racks placed in her shop proves to be in disseminating the Teachings. She says that those who come into the shop frequently have their attention caught by the rack, "for it is just at the side of the counter. A typed message just above the rack states that the pamphlets are for free distribution, mentions the location of our local Group and time of Services, and invites the public to attend. Most people take the pamphlets they wish and say nothing, but some make inquiries. These we are always glad to give further information and help in any way we can."

Making our literature easily available these days is vitally important, and every one who serves in this way may feel that he sows wisely and well.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA.

A weekly class continues to be held at 9650 Blvd. Lajeunesse in this city, with a very good attendance, and our correspondent writes (in French) that the students evidence much interest and enthusiasm in studying the Teachings.

Two of the friends of this Group have started a special service for young people in a "Bibliothèque Enfantine," illustrated stories for children based upon occult truths. The five volumes which have been published (selling for twenty-five cents each) are meeting with a cordial welcome by religious people of various groups. We hope to see a similar work in English and other languages in a not too distant future.

"What Has the Rosicrucian Philosophy Done for Me?"

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Mt. Ecclesia,
Oceanside, California.

Loving Greetings:

Without any fear of expressing myself in an extravagant manner, I can truthfully say that the combined vocabularies of all languages and dialects could never adequately express what the Rosicrucian Philosophy has done for me, but I welcome this opportunity to express in a small way, a few of the things it has done.

It has taught me about things of which I never even dreamed before. It has taught me why all that I do know about, is as it is, how the laws governing these things operate, when and where changes are indicated, what changes are advisable, and how to go about it.

It explains logically that I am responsible for the creation of all that touches me, be it pleasant or unpleasant, for if my activity, or lack of it, had not given me an affinity to my environmental panorama, it could not exist. Through it I have learned how to meditate upon all things within my ken, to analyze them, and to consider the advisability above the desirability of change.

Learning to live this philosophy means learning to redirect the energy spent carelessly, into ideal channels. This is the positive, safe, sure way. Trying to kill desire and uproot established habits is negative, to say the least. When we learn to open ideal channels for our desire, it all eventually flows into the ideal, leaving the outgrown habits to atrophy from non-use.

Life is worth while when we know how to, and do, build along constructive lines, instead of destroying its beautiful pattern.

Yours in Universal Love, and service to all,

Aurora Amerel Ray.

Mt. Ecclesia

Sanitarium
**NON SECTARIAN
NON PROFIT**

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A NEW SANITARIUM POLICY

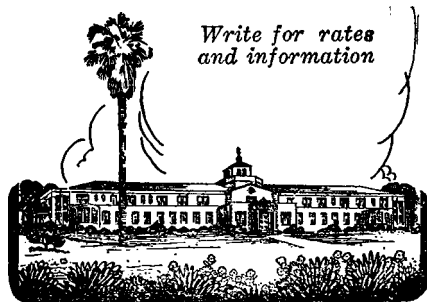
Beginning January 1, 1943, a new policy went into operation, limiting patients received to those not requiring nursing. It is realized that for the duration few who need nurse care can go far from home.

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The Sanitarium does not accept alcoholics, drug addicts, nor mental cases.

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and information*



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- Bellingham, Wash.—W. C. Orrill, 1237 State St.
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The Mystical Interpretation of Easter

BY MAX HEINDEL

In this small book from the pen of the Founder of The Rosicrucian Fellowship are recorded the authentic findings of this gifted writer's firsthand knowledge of the Memory of Nature.

LIST OF CONTENTS

THE COSMIC CHRIST—*To the enlightened ones Easter brings a keen realization of the fact that all of humanity are pilgrims on the earth.*

AN EVENT OF MYSTIC SIGNIFICANCE—*Christ came in the body of Jesus to make a New Covenant. We are looking for the Kingdom of Heaven, the New Galilee.*

COSMIC MEANING OF EASTER—*Is there any connection between the death of the Savior . . . and the vital energy expressing in spring?*

LESSONS OF EASTER—*The spiritual ray sent out by the Cosmic Christ is about to ASCEND to the Father's Throne.*

THE SYMBOL OF THE EGG—*It conveys the true knowledge that life is uncreate, without beginning or end.*

WHAT BECAME OF THE PHYSICAL BODY OF JESUS?—*And if the vital body of Jesus is preserved to be used again by Christ, what does Jesus do in the meantime for a vital body?*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST—*May we all strive . . . to attain the glorious liberation, the resurrection of life of which the Christ was and is the first fruits for every believing soul.*

"When nothing else could save us from the results of our own wrongdoing the compassionate Christ offered Himself and His great love power to break up the crystallized condition of man's bodies and the earth. For three years He taught mankind by word, precept, and example. When He was crucified on Golgotha His great sacrifice for humanity had only just begun . . ."

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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

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